Poor ROBIN'S VISIONS:

Wherein is Deſcribed,

The preſent Humours of the TIMES; the VICES and Faſhionable Fopperies thereof; And after what manner Men are Puniſhed for them hereafter.

Diſcouered in a Dream.

——————*Fatebere tandem*
Nec Surdum, *nec* Tireſiam *quenquam eſſe Deorum*

Licenſed *May* 17. 1677.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,
Printed for, and ſold by *Arthur Boldero* Stationer at the *Mitre* in *Mitre-Court* near the *Inner Temple* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1677.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

Poor Robin's Visions

First VISION.

By Vision *in a* Trance, *strange Things I tell,*
What wicked Acts *turn'd* Mortals *down to Hell:*
And who they are; whose crimes are lively drawn,
Men *once* Incarnate, *though the* Devils Spawn.

IN one of those Mornings of the Year wherein the Earth breaths forth richer Perfumes than are to be found in the Pallaces of Princes; by the wholsomness of whose scent, the distemper'd winds (purging their Bodies) ran to and fro,

whistling for Joy through the verdant Leaves of shady Trees, whilst Sheep lay nibbling in the Vallies to teach men humility, and Goats climbing up to the tops of barren Mountains, browzed there upon weeds, and barks of Trees to shew the misery of ambition; just at that time when Lambs were wanton as young Wives, but not lacivious: when Shepheards took care to feed their flocks, but not to fleece them; when the Lark with his Musick had called up the Sun, and the Sun with his light started up the Husbandman: then, even then, when it was a morning that would have tempted the worst of sluggards to have left his bed: on a sudden I fell into a Trance, and methought the Caves where the most unruly boisterous Winds lay imprisoned, were violently burst open; they geting loose, the Waters roar'd with fear of that insurrection; the Elements shot Lightning and Thunder in disdain of their threatning: the sturdiest Oaks were

were then glad to bow, and ſtand quivering, whilſt low Shrubs and Bryars received a reward for their humility by being out of fear of danger: ſo dreadful fury lead forth this Tempeſt, that had not the Rainbow been a Water-mark to the World, (had what appear'd been real) Men could not have then ſuſpected leſs than another deluge: for ſhowers came down ſo faſt, as if all clouds had been diſtilled into water, and would have hid their curled heads in the Sea, whilſt the waves (in ſcorn to ſee themſelves ſo beaten down) boiled up to that prodigious height, as if they meant that Ships ſhould ſail in the Sky, and ſo waft men to Heaven that way. To make theſe terrors more dreadful, I fancied that the Sun withdrew his head as fearful to be ſeen, darkneſs then in triumph ſpread her ſable wings, and totally covered the Hemiſphere wherein I was; the blackneſs of Night was doubled at high noon; Beaſts that were unac-

cuſtomed to ſuch ſights, ran madly up and down bellowing; men were amazed; and in ſhort with the rain it lightned ſo faſt, that the place wherein I was, ſeemed to be half-drowning, and half burning; the Waters ſtriving to have Victory over the flames, and they ſweating as faſt to drink dry the Waters. To conclude, this Tragedy was ſo long a playing, and was ſo diſmall, the Scene was ſo turbulent, and affrighting: this battle of Elements bred ſuch another Chaos, that it did put me in rememberance of that Ingenious expreſſion.

——*Did not God ſay*
Another Fiat, *it had ne're been day.*

A ſuddain alteration now appear'd, for this ſtorm ſeemed to be blown away, and all things being quiet, methought I ſaw a great number of men together, and drawing near unto them, I obſerved that each one had an Almanack

in

in his hand of different ſorts, conſulting with one another: theſe Phyſico-Aſtrological Bil-men (commonly known by the names of Mountebanks and Quacks,) endeavoured to *Apiſie* the Doctors, and took a world of pains to no purpoſe, to know whence this diſeaſe of nature ſhould proceed; but being all as wiſe as *Gothams* calves, they could ſay nothing pertinent to the matter. The tempeſt blown over, the Cæleſtiall bodies (for any thing theſe figger-flingers knew) were all in very good health; the twelve Signs were neither broken nor beaten down from any of the houſes in Heaven; the Sun lookt with as red and lively a countenance as he uſed to do, and the Moon undoubtedly (though then inviſible) with as plump a face; and though ſome of them with their wonted impudence and ignorance did endeavour to maintain that this dreadfull and ſudden alteration of the weather, did portend ſome ſtrange alteration in Church and

State, yet one ſtanding by, (wiſer then all the reſt) told me he could not find by all the figures which their Prognoſtications caſt up their accounts by, that any ſuch heavy event ſhould befall the wickedneſs of theſe our preſent times.

Hereupon another to ſatisfie my curioſity, told me he was credibly informed that this commotion of the Air had its riſe & derivation from nothing elſe but Conjuring; hearing him ſay ſo, could not forbear laughing, knowing the Bug-bear Art of Conjuration to be as falſe and fabulous as the Hiſtory of *Pigmies*, *Amozons*, and tales of old doting women. Though my laughter diſpleaſed the Gentleman, yet it hindred him not from aſſuring me, that which he ſaid was a truth, and that this conjuring was about a Knight, not a Knight of worſhip, but a *Weſtminſter-Hall* Knight, a Knight forſworn, a *Poor* Knight, a *Perjur'd* Knight, a Knight of the *Poſt*: Sir ſaid he, this Yeo-

Yeoman of the Pillory and both Counters, (a long Inhabitant in new *Alſatia*) was ſometimes ſince ſent with a Letter to the Devill; but he not returning with an anſwer, ſome mad fellows, practitioners in the Black Art, laid their heads together, and ſwore to fetch him from Hell headlong; and now you have ſeen the horred effects of their operations.

Hereupon I was very deſirous to know the occaſion of his ſending. It was thus, ſaid he: the Temple of the Muſes (for want of carefull looking after) falling to decay, and many (that ſeemed to hate Barbariſm, and Ignorance) being deſirons to imploy workmen about it, and repair it; But having many buildings of their own in hand, utterly gave it over; a common Counſel was therefore called of all thoſe who lived by their wits, and ſuch who were of the livery of learning, amongſt whom it was found neceſſary, that to eaſe the private Purſe as gene-

generall Subsidy should be levied, for the raising of such a competent Sum as might maintain the said Alms-house, of the Nine Sisters in good fashion, and keep it from falling, long were they in the collection of this Money, and though the Collectors did even swet themselves to death, yet no income, nothing could be gathered, the Gentlemen (for the major part) swore bloodily they would not contribute an half-penny, they had nothing to do with the Muses, they were meer strangers to them, and why should they be assessed to pay any thing towards the relief of such laizy companions. Where is the Wit they boast of, if they cannot live thereon? As for Lawyers, they knew there was no Statute in any Kings Reign could compell them to discourse on this account; men of the Sword swore by their Arms, (some whereof were miserably out at Elbows) that they never could satisfie their hungry stomack with the

most

moſt curious diſh that ever Wit had dreſſing of, and therefore reſolved to keep their Money againſt a *Gut-griping Campaign*; Peace they cried had made them beggers, and were (ſome of them well qualified for that profeſſion, having loſt their Legs, went up and down on borrowed Stilts, that their Country might go ſound and upright upon its own. They complain much for want of Action, and Poor men had a world of Actions againſt them, and were at ſo low an ebb, that Captains gave over their charge, and were led by Serjeants, Scholars, and could have found in their hearts to have made Money of their Books, Gowns, Caps, *&c.* to have paid their ſhare to this commendable work; but Earthly Souls held all that was theirs (how good ſoever) in ſuch vile contempt, that even thoſe who upon a good pawn will lend Money to the Devil, would not part with any Money to them upon any Intereſt, ſo much did they

they hate the poor ragged Wenches, and their followers.

Hereupon at the next Seſſions of the Wits; it was a greed upon to appeal to the Parliaments of Gods, who taking their condition into ſerious conſideration on it, was by them preſently enacted, that *Apollo* (out of whoſe brain men of Wit and Wiſdom came into the World; ſhould with all expedition deſcend and prevent enſuing miſchief; leaſt ſacred knowledge having her intellectual Soul baniſhed from Earth, having no houſe there to Inhabit, the Earth ſhould (as of neceſſity it would) turn into its primitive Chaos, and men again into Giants, to fight againſt the Cæleſtiall Powers. *Mercury* was likewiſe diſpatcht from the whole Synod for the ſame purpoſe, as Embaſſadour to *Pluto*, (who is the chief) Infernal Banker to perſwade him by the utmoſt of his eloquence, that Money might be more plentifull, or credit more eaſily obtained, that

Scholars

Scholars, and ſuch who ſtrive and ſtruggle for the Bays for want of its aſſiſtance, might not be found to change their Lodgings oftner then their Shirts, and not knowing how to live at liberty, are compel'd to confine themſelves voluntarily to *Ludgate*, that to keep them from ſtarving, they may go a ſhare in the Lord Mayor and Sherifs Baskets.

Apollo (according to the decree of the Cæleſtiall Upper Houſe) is now deſcending: the Fountains of Science flow, (by his influence,) and ſwell to the brim: Bay-Trees to make the Garlands for learning, are every where new ſet, and already green, the Muſes have freſh colours in their cheeks again; their Temple is promiſed to be made more fair, and there is good hopes that Ignorance ſhall no longer walk or ride in that ſplendour, which better becomes the men of Wit and Learning. Yet for this *Mercury*'s Embaſſy, (notwithſtanding all his craft

craft and politie) proves ineffectual; for he cannot raiſe the Golden Devil. A mad Greek hearing this, who was with a Poeticall fury reſolved to aſſiſt him, and in a bravery wrote a ſupplication in the behalf of Money, for its enlargement, vowing he would convert all his blood into Ink, and his brains into Cotten, but that he would have an anſwer.

The Petition being drawn up, he thought none could run faſter to *Hell* with it, and be ſooner there, than a Suburbs *Bully*, *a Broker*, or a Knight of of the Poſt; the laſt he made choice of becauſe of his name, and ſent it by him, who it ſeems having a great deal of buſineſs with the Devil, could not of a long time be heard of; this was the cauſe of all this conjuring. Having ended his diſcourſe, this ſeeming gentile Snipper-Snapper vaniſht, ſo did the rout of the non-ſenſicall deluding Star-Gazers, and I left alone; then did I enter into a conſideration, how many

ſhifts

ſhifts men make, and how many ſhapes they aſſume; what villany they perpetrate, through what dangers they venture Conſcience, Reputation, nay life it ſelf ſhall be offer'd as a purchaſe for that glittering piece of *Earth*; the ſtrange Magick of it drove me ſtraight into a ſtrange admiration. I perceiv'd it to be a Witch-craft beyond mans power to contend with: a Torrent whoſe winding Creeks are not with ſafety to be ſearcht into: a Poiſon that has a thouſand contrary workings on a thouſand bodies: for it turns thoſe that keep it Priſoners in Iron cheſts, into *Slaves and Idolaters*; and yet even thoſe that become ſuch Slaves unto it, it makes them Soveraign Commanders over a World of People.

My further conſideration on this Subject was totally laid aſide by a concourſe of people approaching towards me; hereupon I drew near to know the meaning of this unuſual meeting, I was quickly informed without asking, by their

their own voluntary talking; (for great wagers were laid) that when the Petition was ſent, it would not be received; or if ſo, it would not be read over; or if read over, not anſwered; for *Mammon* being the God of rich men, and not beggers, was worſe, thought on than he deſerved, and therefore would not hear the Petition of the Poor; (like a Lawyer in a buſie Term) not be ſpoken with becauſe his Client had not a penny to pay Fees, but ſued in *Forma Pauperis.*

The Devil the beſt Fencer, and very apt to quarrel.

Had it been a challenge, it is clear, he would have anſwered it: for he was the firſt that kept a Fencing-School, when *Cain* was alive, and taught him that Embrocado by which he killed his Brother; ſince which time he hath made many Millions of Scholars as expert in killing as ever he was; and and there is not a Kingdom in the world, wherein his Schools do not ſwarm; having accompliſht Uſhers in them

them all to teach wicked men that damnable Science. At Sword & Buckler little *Davy* was no body to this skilfull Maſter of the Science, and as for Rapier and Dagger the *Spaniard* may be his Journeyman, and as for ſingle Rapier he values *Monſieur* with his *Sa, Sa,* as little as Jack-Pudding does a Cuſtard.

Now if he were to fight, it is a queſtion which of the Play-houſes his Prize ſhould be performed at; and whether the Money when gathered, he would have couzened the Fencers thereof, or the Fencers him; becauſe *Hell* being under every one of their Stages, the Players if they had owed him a ſpight, might with a falſe trap door have ſlipt him down, and there have kept him as a laughing-ſtock to all their yawning ſpectators, or had his Infernall Ship been arreſted to any Action how great ſoever, all the Law in *Weſtminſter-Hall* could not have kept him from appearing to it, (for the

Devil ſcorns to be nonſuited) he would have anſwered that to: but the miſchief would have been where ſhould he get any that would have pleaded for him, who could have endured to ſee ſuch a damnable Client every Morning in his Chamber? what Waterman for double his Fare would have landed him at the *Temple*; but rather have ſtruck in at *White-Friers*, and left him there a ſhore with a Pox to him.

Whilſt wagers were laying on all ſides as I ſaid before, a little Pug, or rather Helliſh Imp appear'd among us; for his colour and ſhape differ'd from what was humane, yet he had the voice and ſpeech of man; for thus he ſaid; ceaſe your vain babblings, and do not by your Actions verifie a Proverb among you; *none but Fools lay wagers*; for Grand Seignour *Diabolo*, my Lord and Maſter is fully reſolved to anſwer his humble Orator, but being himſelf not brought up to learning, (for to tell you the truth he can neither write

nor

nor read,) yet he has been at all the Univerſities in Chriſtendom, and thrown damnable Hereſies, like bones for Dogs to gnaw upon amongſt the Doctors themſelves; But having no skill but in his own *Horn-book*, much perplext he was to think where he ſhould find out a proper Scribe to Scribble for him; moſt of the Scrivners in the Town he had at his beck, but they were ſo over-imploy'd in making Bonds between Uſurers and unthrifty Heirs, indrawing up Leaſes between overreaching Landlords, and unwary Tenants, in Warrants of Attorney conſeſt to, the Wine-Merchant by a young raw nimble Squire of the faucet which gives him in-let to an Houſe ready furniſhed with every thing good, but Wine; which Houſe has been (it may be) the ruin of a douzen of his raſh predeceſſors, and will be infallibly his if he have not an eſpeciall care: theſe, and a hundred things more theſe Scriveners are buſied in, as Conveyances,

Final *Recoveries*, &c. and at length by creating and undoing others, they turn Bankrupts themſelves, and ſo knaviſhly deceive their Creditors. For theſe and other cauſes *Don Lucifer* was unwilling to take them from their *Noverints*, becauſe in the end he knew they were but his Factors, and that he ſhould be a part-owner in their lading himſelf. Then as for thoſe Gallantillo's, who now wear misbecoming Swords by their ſides inſtead of befitting Ink-horns, as in the days of old; thoſe Lawyers Clerks I mean who venture the dirtying of their Silk-ſtockings, and Ala-mode Spaniſh Breeches with trudging up and down from Office to Office, that they may bubble their *Clients* and abuſe theſe poor ignorant Creatures to their faces, by exacting unreaſonable Fees from them; my Maſter taking theſe things into conſideration, would by no means take them from their wide lines, counterfeiting hands and Seals, *&c.* but ſtroking them under the chins, call'd them

them his white-boys, and promiſed to remember them for their Ingenuity and greatpains-taking.

After this, my great Maſter Monſieur *Malefico* (for know Sir, (ſaid he) he goes by ſeveral names, ſo that you cannot miſcall him, call him what you pleaſe) I ſay he went next to the writing School-*Maſters*, and writing *Stationers* (thoſe puny Clark-undoers,) he took ſome of them by the fiſt, and licked their hands exceedingly, ſome of them having almoſt as many hands as *Briareus*, by which they were capacitated to counterfeit any thing; but perceiving by the copies of their countenances, that for all their good Letters, they writ intollerable bad Engliſh, and that the world would think him a dunce, if there came falſe Orthography from him; he reſolved to have nothing to do with thoſe Ignormus's (fellows whoſe faces look much like the firſt four lines of thoſe humble Petitions they uſe to draw,) and in an

angry mood, curſt them, which curſe (as we have heard ſince) was converted into a bleſſing, ſo that many of them have got great Eſtates no body knows how, which has been a great ſatisfaction to our great Pay-Maſter of Perdition.

I hearing this, and fearing that our poor ſuppliant ſhould looſe his labour notwithſtanding the Devils promiſe, and be ſent away with *ſi nihil attuleris*, reſolved to do that for nothing, which many would not do for any Money. Hereupon turning boldly without any fear or terror (as I imagin'd) to his ſpawn of Hell, I would undertake the task if he would direct me the way to the infernal Regions; he preſently took me at my word, and was ſtrangely miſtaken in him, for I took him to be a Foot-Poſt, but he proved an Aëriall guide and hurried me, in an inſtant to the place by me deſired: neither did I much fear my ſafe return, ſince I have read of ſeverall men who

went

went thither and came back again, and as many women; but I could never hear that any of them ever returned; ſurely the Devil has a damnable love for the Female Sex, elſe he would never have put himſelf to the trouble and diſgrace of ſtealing a wife from the Earth, called *Proſerpine Ceres*'s Daughter.

Upon my arrivall, I found Hells Gates ſtanding wide open; and afterwards by inquiry, I underſtood they were never ſhut. As I was entring, I caſt my eyes about on this ſide, and on that, to the intent I might ſee that beaſtly monſtrous Porter *Cerberus* ſo much talkt on by the Antients, but not a head of him appear'd there, which made me think that he either dy'd before my coming, or elſe never any ſuch animall had a being. My guide and I proceeded forward at length he introduced me into a ſpacious Hall, where *Pluto* ſate in a chair of ſtate, attended by a vaſt number of his Subjects of different forms and ſtatures, and

diſtinguiſhable as to dignity; by the greater or leſſer ſplendour of Ornaments they wore about their heads. It was a day, or rather more properly night that, was ſet apart to give out new *Commiſſions*, and ſend freſh Emiſſaries into the World to ſupply the places of ſuch who had tired and ſpent themſelves in promoting new opinions in Religion, and propagating differences and diſſentions amongſt all ſorts of People, *&c.* Watching my opportunity, I addreſt my ſelf to his Divelſhip, informing him of what I came about: but this cunning Devil ſuſpecting that I came rather as a *ſpie* to betray him, then as a *ſpirit* to do his buſineſs, and that I was more likely to have him to Barbers-Chyrurgeons Hall, there to anatomize him, then to a Barbers ſhop to trim him, would by no means have an anſwer given to the Petition. As ſoon as this flat deniall was pronounced, the Knight of the Poſt who brought the Petition, ſtanding

ing by me, presently thought to sneak off, which being perceived, it was ordered he should be secured, and that he should severely pay for all his false *Oaths and Perjuries* he had committed on Earth, *&c.* Hereupon he was hurried away by a throng of *Serjeants and Yeomen* whither I know not, but undoubtedly, directly to the place of punishment: *for these Officers there, have not the convenience of milking their poor Prisoners by the way at Taverns or Ale-houses as they had on Earth,* till they carried him to that place of ruin, where there is no hope of ever coming out till *Death* becomes his *Turn-key.*

This sight did somewhat startle me, and thought it not safe to tarry longer in the presence, but undiscover'd slunk away, resolving to view this Hellish Country, and muster all my Wits about me, to fight against this Captain of the damned crew, and not only describe his Territories, but discover his stratagems.

Vision

Second VISION.

Hells Map's here drawn, in which it does appear
Where Hell do's lie, and who they be live there.

WOnder is the Daughter of Ignorance, none but Fools will wonder, how I and this grand Sophy of the Whore of *Babilon* ſhould meet together, or what charms I carried about me whilſt I talk with him, or without taking ſo long a journey to viſit him in his own Kingdom, where, or nearer home (if any one had occaſion to uſe his Divelſhip) *a Porter may fetch him with a wet finger.*

The Devils Rendezvous.

Theſe are but idle Inquiſitions; his acquaintance is more cheap than a *ſtrolling Player or Fidler*, and a Night-walker's equally alike dangerous. His Lodgings here are as well known as a famed Miſs, Midwife, or wonder-working Out-

Outlandiſh Mountebanks are, and his walks more open and publick than thoſe upon the *Burſe in* Holland, *or here on the* Exchange; *where at every ſtep a man is put in mind of Babel*, there is ſuch a confuſion of Languages. For in Term-time the Divel upon Dun rides to and frow (ſweating) from *London to Weſtminſter*, ſeldom an hour in one habit, and of different faſhion and colour. In the Vacation he either plays the Devil with *ſpend-thrift indigent Clarks*, or elſe ſteals into a Gaming Ordinary to verifie the Proverb made on him, *that he will play at ſmall game rather then ſit out*, and yet appears like a Captain; at a Cock-Pit, like a young Country Gentleman: at a Bowling-Green, like a wealthly, yet thrifty Tradeſman, who underſtanding well the Ground, and Gameſters, never plays or bets himſelf, but on advantage: you can never miſs of him at either Counter-Gates, *Smith-field*, the Bars; *Turnſtile* in *Holbourn*, *Drury-lane*; ſometimes

times he takes his walks in the *Dutchy-Liberty*; and if not there, he may be certainly found near the *Monſter-Tavern* in the *Strand*. Having therefore (*as Chamber-maids uſe to do for the faces of thoſe they attend on over night*) made ready my colours, the Pencill in my hand, my Card lined, my Needle (that capers over two and thirty points of the Compaſs) toucht to the quick, Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, the four Trumpeters of the *World*, that never blow themſelves out of Breath; I will ingeniouſly and boldly give you a Map of the Country that lies lower than the Seventeen Provinces, yea lower than the Tin-Mines, or Cole-Pits of *Newcaſtle*.

The names of the ſtrange Country are many, which for brevity ſake I ſhall omit to recount, and only call it by the moſt known name. *Hell, in diſcovery of which, the quality of the Kingdom, the condition of the Prince, the Eſtate of the People, the Traffique thi-*

thither, but none from thence ſhall be painted to the life, as it appeared to mé in my Viſion. *Deſcription of Hell.*

It is an Empire that lies under the Torrid zone, and by that means it is hotter at *Chriſtmas* then in *Spain, Italy,* or *France* (*which are accounted pockie hot Countries*) at *Midſumer.* To tell the truth and ſhame the Devil, it is built upon ſtoves and hot-houſes, and you cannot ſet foot into it, but you have a *fieri facias* ſerved upon you; for like your Glaſs-houſe Furnices the fire never goes out inſomuch that all the Inhabitants are broiled like Carbonadoes with the ſweating ſickneſs, and yet none of them die on't.

It ſtands further off then the parching *Indies*: yet to ſee the wonderful power and Art of Navigation, if you have but a ſide Wind, you may ſail ſooner thither then a Married-man can upon St. *Lukes* day to Cuckolds Point from St. *Katherines*, which upon ſound experience, and by the opinion of

of approved Pilots and Mariners, may be done in leſs then half an hour.

If you travel by Land to it, the ways are delicate, even, ſpatious, pleaſant, and very clean; but towards the end thereof, the Road is dirty, deep, ſtinking, *&c.*

You never turn when you are travelling thither, but keep altogether on the left hand; ſo that you cannot looſe your way unleſs you turn to the right; and there you will find with much difficulty a narrow Path winding to and fro, nothing but thorns under foot, on each ſide thereof moſt dreadful precipices, from whence without great and diligent care you will fall irrecoverably to all Eternity. In this track you will meet with ghaſtly apparitions, enough to run you into diſpair; but the greateſt danger you will meet with, are a number of *Ignes fatui*, which ſome call new Lights; theſe will direct you if you follow them into an everlaſting ſtate of perdition; But if you keep your

your way, despising troubles, and trampling on difficulties, it will bring you to a place shall recompence all your sufferings.

The Temperament of the other place aforesaid, is quite contrary to this, and the miles thither are not half so long as those between *London* and St. *Albans*, nor a quarter so dirty in the depth of Winter, as your French miles are at the fall of the Leaf.

Some say it is an Island encompassed about with certain Rivers, called *the Waters of sorrow*: others prove by infallible demonstration, that it is a Continent, dis-regarded by Heaven, for the Sun never darts its benigne, all comforting Beams upon it.

Though unhappy in this, it is exceeding rich, for Christians, Jews, and Infidels that are Usurers, or men of Honour and Estates, not doing any good to King or Country but Mortgaging what they have, to propagate Self-indulgency, after the

What Persons are there.

one

one has made away his Soul here for Money, and the other for pleaſure and debauchery, they ſhall meet with them there again.

You have of all Trades, Profeſſions, Eſtates and dignities in that place; *excepting Poets only*; for I found very few of thoſe who when living might juſtly challenge the Bays in thoſe Dominions; but there were Millions of thoſe who writ *Pamphlets, Ballads, Bawdy Songs, or a Copy of Verſes* (*three parts ſtollen*) in praiſe of his Miſtreſs. *Players* too of all ſorts ſwarm there, as they do here, who have faces like Flamboys, but Wits colder then a flint, for that when urged, will produce its nimble ſparks, but you may ſooner knock the others in the head than get two lines of ſenſe from them of their own Compoſition. *But obſerve how juſtly theſe Players were ſerved, the Cacodæmons or Head Officers* of that Country having ſmelt out that their ocupation was mercenary, and only

for

for gain, he purpoſes to make up a Company; and be chief ſharer himſelf, *de quibus ſuo loco*; of whoſe doing you ſhall hear more by the next Poſt.

Though I have given you plain Inſtructions how you ſhall not miſs of your way thither; however, leaſt you ſhould forget, it is but inquiring of any Tavern Drawer, who has been Cup-bearer to one of the ſeven deadly ſins but half a ſcore years, or any Merchant of Maiden-heads that Trades in *Virginia* Commodities, and either of them is ſufficient to direct you thither: But neither they, nor the moſt weather-beaten *Coſmographicall* Star-catcher of them all, can take his Oath that it lies under juſt ſuch an *Horizon*, whereby many are brought into a Fools Paradice, by gladly believing there is no ſuch place at all; or that it ſtands upon Fairy-ground, or is as that Inchanted Iſland, the imaginary O *Brazeel.*

And now I come to unrip the Bowels

of theſe Infernall *Antipodes*; and ſince my Flag of Defiance is hung out, I will yield to no Truce, and with *Tamberlain*, like fury, march againſt this *Grand Turk*, the chief Enemy to Mankind.

Third VISION.

Charon's ill-natur'd; and to ſpeak it fuller, (ler,
Ther's nought more teſty but a Graves-end *Skul-*
The Knave takes none in, but who Money *bring,*
And ſeats the Clown *oft with the greateſt King.*

IN my journy to the lower Regions, I met with thouſands of Infernall Travellers, who perceiving that my guide was one of their own Countrey-men, interrupted me not in my paſſage; whereupon I askt him what they were? he anſwered, that they were his Maſters, *the Devils Nuntio's*; *ſome bound for* Rome, *about Church Affairs*, *others for* Turky, Germany, Swedeland,

land, Denmark, France, Holland *and* Spain, *to make breaches amongſt them the wider, that the feuds and differences among them might continue the longer*; ſo that by the conſtant effuſion of an Ocean of blood, *Pluto* hoped to have his Kingdom the better Peopled; in ſhort, there was no Kingdom or Country, unto which there was not ſent whole droves of theſe Diabolical Emiſſaries.

In a few minutes, as I ſaid before, I arrived at the Banks of *Acheron*, *where you are not baited at by a whole Kennell of yelping Watermen, as you are at* Weſtminſter-*Bridge*, Temple-*Stairs*, &c. And ready to be torne in pieces, to have a teſter rowed out of your Pocket. In this place there is no lively-hood for Ship-Carpenters, for there is but one Boat, and in that one, *Charon* is the only Ferry-man; ſo that if a Bankrupt ſhould bawl his heart out for a pair of Oars to make haſt away from his hot purſuing *Creditor*,

he muſt be content, to go with this dull heavy Skuller. At firſt this Watermans wages was but ſmall, being but an half-penny, then it came to a penny, 'tis now advanced, and is riſen to three half-pence: for all things grow dear in Hell as on Earth, by reaſon it is grown ſo populous.

The form of this Boat is like a *Graves-end* Barge, and the Paſſengers privilidges alike; for there is no regard of Age, of Sex, of Beauty, of Riches, of Valour, of Learning, of Greatneſs of Birth, he that comes in firſt ſits no better than the laſt, for they all ſit alike; *Will. Summers gives not* Richard *the Third the Cuſhion, nor was there the bredth of a Bench between the Tyrant* Oliver, *and a Footman.*

Mores Sceptra Legionibus æquat.

Princes and Peaſants, the Valiant and the Coward, Churchmen and Sextons, Aldermen and Cobblers, Bookſellers, and Ballad-Singers are all alike to *Charon*, for his *Naulum, Luck,*

(the

(the old Recorders Fool) shall have as much Mat, as Sir *Lancelot* of the *Lake*, he knows, though they had an Oar in every mans Boat in the World, yet in his they cannot challenge so much as a Stretcher: and therefore though he sails continually with Wind and Tide, he makes the proudest of them all to stay his leasure, It was a Comedy to see what a crowding (as if it had been at a new Play) there was upon the Acorantick Strand, so that I was forced to tarry my turn, because I could not get near enough the shore; whereupon I resolved to wait with patience, walking up and down till the coast was clear, and to take my observations of the condition of the Passengers.

This Waterman is as Churlish as the worst that rows on the River of Thames.

Amongst these, there were a great number of *Courtiers*, who brought with them great variety of Ala-mode apparell which they had bought with

their Money, and large Patents for Monopolies, which they had begg'd. *Lawyres* came in great droves cloath'd in Sheep-skins, and laden with *Writs*, *Declarations*, *Judgements*, *Leaſes*; *purchas'd Lordſhips*, *&c.* Some of the Black Robe ſeemed there ſo purſy and windleſs with bearing three or four livings, that they could ſcarce ſpeak to any body. Merchants came laden with Bagges of Guinies, and other Coin, gotten no otherwiſe than by (ſmuggling, a ſmoothing expreſſion for the down-right word Robbing) their Princes Cuſtoms. Captains came marching, ſome in Armour *Cap-a-pee*, but unbatter'd, ſome in Coats all over bedawb'd with Gold Lace, raiſed out of the aſhes of dead pay. Scholars in their torne ragged Gowns throng'd here together, with their long ſleeves cram'd with Books of Logick of diverſe ſorts, according as each one fancied; one was clearly for Father *Ariſtotle*, and his Commentators; another

ther was ſo in love with old greaſie *Jack Seton*, that he has lickt him over again and again; others were for the new *Des Carteſian* way, and his followers: I askt a ſtander by (that was waiting for a paſſage as well as my ſelf) what he thought might be their intent? Introth, (ſaid he) I cannot tell, unleſs that hearing that the Devil is a ſubtile Logician, and full of Sophiſtry, they are going to try whether they can run him down in Diſputation. *Citizens*, and others who made themſelves Bankrupts; and thereupon took the *Kings-Bench* or *Fleet*, to no other end than to defraud their Creditors, came hither in great numbers, *ſweating baſely under the burthens of that, for which other men had ſweat honeſtly before*; there were ſome here, of all Profeſſions and Occupations. At laſt, there came a parcel of *things*, *Animals*, what ſhall I call them, the very ſight of whom had like to have made me ſplit my ſides with laughter; approaching nearer their

habits and expreſſions, inform'd me who they were, *a Nurſery of Rogues and Whores, ſpawn'd either in* Hatten-Garden, *Barbican, or* More-fields, in proving their profeſſion by ſtrolling (like Gipſies) up and down the Country, as they could never agree when on Earth, there being always a Civil War among them; ſo their feuds followed them thither; there was nothing, but thou Rogue, thou Whore, to be heard among them, but the women were more violent one with another, then with their contrary Sex; there was hardly one among them that had not ſome very viſible ſcar in their faces, which they received either from the heavy or hot blows of *Mars* or *Venus*, thoſe who had them not in their faces, had ſad Symptoms of their diſpleaſure in other places, which might be conjectur'd by their halting, *&c.* The Van-Leader of this Rabble-rout, ſeem'd at a diſtance, to be a very handſom young fellow; but coming near, and mind-

minding him well, I quickly found my miſtake; for it was a Woman whom I knew, one that had been a Whore to the whole houſe, and ſuch Auditors as would ſtick at nothing for above a douzen years. Neceſſity forced her into this Maſculine habit; for having worn out her Petticoats to tatters, ſhe undertook to play a mans part; and ſo apparell'd, rub'd off with what belonged to the ſtock of the houſe; had not the Lace been copper, the red Coat ſhe wore would, have amounted to a good price. The next that came had pincht ſomething to cover his nakedneſs, but he fared nothing near ſo well; *having only converted a piece of an old Scene into a Champain Coate*, which made him look ſo Comically, that the moſt ſerious there preſent, could not for bear laughing. Every one had got his Snack, and all in ſeveral faſhions, that one would have thought each man came from a ſeveral Country, all ready dreſt to Act a Play,

to

to the Devil. The Woman appear'd moſt pleaſantly to the eye, having taken up ſome properties of their Houſe, without the conſent of their Patron, with which they made a hard ſhift to dreſs themſelves, having worn out their own cloaths by ſtrolling like Gipſies up and down the Countrey; one, though not above fifteen years of Age was dreſt in the habit of an old Bawd; another as young as her, in the faſhion of a Witch; a third in a garb repreſenting a She-Devil, and all of them ſo ſtrangely, and phantaſtically apparrel'd, that all the Drolls, Farces, or Comedies that they ever Acted, came ſhort of this pleaſant ſight of their Perſons.

What every one brought with him, Bag and Baggage, he was compelled to throw down, like Travellers on the Road beſet by High-way-men, were forced to deliver, e're they could have a Paſport to be ſhipt into the *Flemiſh Hoy of Hell bound for the* Netherlands, for

for if every man ſhould be permitted to carry with him out of the World what he moſt delighted induring his abode there, the Veſſel would be overladen, and conſequently ſink under its burden: *Charon* therefore ſtrips them of all, and leaves them as bare as the native naked *Indians*; and glad they were (*for all their howling to ſee themſelves ſo fleeced*) that for their Silver they could not have waſtage over. In therefore they throng'd, ſome wading up to their knees; and thoſe were young men, they were loth to make too much haſt, ſwearing they came thither before their times. Some up to the middles, and thoſe were Women, they ſeeing young men going before them, were aſham'd not to venture farther then they. Others waded to the chin, and thoſe were old men, they ſeeing their riches and vaſt Treaſury taken from them, were deſperate, and would have drownded themſelves, but that *Charon* ſlipping his

his Oar under their bellies, toſt them out of the Water into his wherry. *The Boat is made of nothing but the worm-eaten ribs of Coffins nailed together, with the ſplinters of Fleſhleſs ſhin-bones, dig'd out of Graves, and broken in pieces. The Skulls that he rows with, are made of Sextons Spades, which had been hung up at the end of ſome great and dreadfull Peſtilence or Contagion: the Bench he ſits upon, is a rock of dead mens skuls, the worſt of them being an Emperour, as great as Preſter* John, *or* Mahomet, *and a huge heap of their Beards ſerving for his Cuſhion. The Maſt of his Boat is an Arm of an Yew-Tree, whoſe boughs inſtead of Roſemary had wont to be worn at Funeralls. The Sail was made of two patcht winding-ſheets, wherein a Broker, a Catch-pole, and Tally-man had been laid; and if at any time it wants mending, it is always pieced with the winding-ſheets of*

The Stuff of which *Charons* Wherry is made.

of Bawds, Bullies, Pimps, Panders, and the like.

The Waterman himſelf is an old churliſh griſly-faced fellow, with a Beard filthier than a Bakers Maukin with which he ſweeps his Oven, which hung full of knotted Elf-locks, and ſerves him for a Swabber in foul weather to cleanſe his Veſſel. His eyes ſtare ſo wide, (by being blear'd with the Wind) as if the lids were ſupported by gags to keep them open. More ſalt rheumatick Water runs from them, than would pickle all the Herrings that ſhall be carried to *Roterdam* for a Twelve month; his hands are ſo hard, and ſcaled over with dirt, that Paſſengers think he wears Gauntlets. His breath belcheth out nothing, but ſtinking rotten damps, which lie ſo thick and foggy on the face of the waters, that his fare is half choaked e're they can get to land. The Sea-coal furnaces of twenty Brew-houſes, make not ſuch

Charons Character.

ſuch a ſmoak, nor the Tallow-pans of as many Chandlers (when they melt) ſend out ſuch a ſmell. He is dreadfull in looks, and curriſh in Language, yet as kind, and as affable as a Courtier where he takes a liking. He ſits in all ſtorms bare-headed; for if he had a Cap, he would prove as unmannerly as a Quaker, and would not pull it off to a Pope. *His apparell.* He has a Gown girt about him made of Wolve-skins tanned, ſignifying his greedineſs, but worn ſo long, that it has almoſt worn away his Elbows. He is thick of hearing to them that ſue to him; but to thoſe againſt whoſe wills he is ſent for, *a Fidler hears not of a Wedding, or the opening of a Window ſooner.*

The River which *Charon* plies upon, is as ſtinking, muddy, but much thicker and blacker, than *Fleet-ditch* after a great rain. In taſte it is very bitter, yet to thoſe who know how to diſtill theſe deadly Waters, very wholeſom.

VISION.

Fourth VISION.

Charon *and* Robin *talk, as* Charon *rows;*
And being landed, boldly on he goes,
Session's in Hell, Souls brought unto the Bar,
Arraign'd, and judg'd; a Catalogue what they are.

Charon having just discharged his fraight; I cry'd a *Boat*, a *Boat*; for I was unwilling to go over with such a crowd of miserable sad Souls. My voice being heard by this Skuller, although he was very weary; over he came; As soon as I was well seated, *Charon* began to complain what a bawling there has been, with what fares he has been posted, and how with much tugging (his Boat being so thwack the has split one of his Oars; and broke his Boat-hook, so that he can row but slowly till it be mended. And were it not that the Souls pay excessive rents for dwelling in the body, he swore by the

Sytgian

Stygian Lake, he would not let them paſs thus for a trifle, but raiſe his price; *why may not he do it, as well as fine Miſſes their rotten Commodities*,

And now he began to brag, what a number of glittering ſparks, gallant Fellows, and delicate Wenches went lately over with him, whoſe names he had in his Book, and would have particularly nominated them unto me, but that they earneſtly intreated him, not to ſpread their names any further, ſince they were ſo notoriouſly known already.

The only wonder (ſaid *Charon*) that theſe Paſſengers drive me into, is, to ſee how ſtrangely the World is altred, ſince *Pluto and Proſerpina* were married: for whereas in the days of old, men had wont to come into my Boat all flaſht, ſtab'd and cut, ſome with one Arm, others with never a Leg; a third ſort with heads like Calves, cleft in ſunder, and the mouths of their wounds gaping ſo wide, as if they would have

cry'd

cry'd for a Boat to come unto them; but now the case is altered; for my Fares for the most part, are such, who were poison'd by their insatiate wives, that they may take the freedom of having their Lust satisfied by others; or else dispatcht by their longing Heirs for living too long; *Miscent Aconito Novera filius ante Diem Patris inquirit anno*, some are scorched to death by whores, and so hurried out of this World; others come reeling out of Taverns into my Boat, and if they come bleeding too, it is ten to one the fatall wound was received either by giving the lie, or invindication of the pocky whore their Mistress. Surfeits on Food, as well as Wine send Shoals of wretched mortals to me. I have been lately troubled with great droves of People who dy'd in the field; but how I pray? not in the bed of Honour by Sword or Bullet, the miserable wretches, were hunger-

By this you may understand that Charon *can speak Latine.*

ſtarved. A little before theſe, came a parcel of drowned Rats, but as fat as Bacon-hogs; they had been half roſted, and half boiled, by their rank ſcent, I knew they had more to do by water than by land; and ſince their profeſſion was ſomewhat like mine, I was fain for pity ſake take them in, for they had not a Stiver among them all. Now if the three Deſtinies ſpin no finer threds than theſe; men muſt either (like *Eſculapions*) be made immortall for meer pity ſake, and be ſent up to *Jupiter*, or elſe the land of the Black Moors muſt be made bigger: for the Great Lord of *Tartary* will ſhortly have no room for all his retainers.

By this time (*Charon* looking before him,) as Watermen uſe to do, that is behind him, perceiving he was almoſt a ſhore, he deſiſted from diſcourſing further, and without looſing any time, I leapt aſhore.

The ways are ſo plain and direct, that I ſoon arrived at the Court-gate

of

of *Avernus*, which ſtood wide open. Hells Porter fawn'd upon me, yet would not let me paſs, till I gave him his fee. He takes no Money, but executes his bawling office only for Victualls; his name is *Cerberus*, but the Houſhold call him more properly the Black-dog of Hell. He has three heads, but no hair upon them, the place is too hot to keep hair on, inſtead of hair they are all curl'd over with Snakes, which reach from the Crowns of his three heads alongſt the ridges of his back, to his very tail, and that is wreathed like a Dragons tail. Twenty couple of Hounds make not ſuch a damnable noiſe when they howl, as he does when he barks; his property is to wag his tail when any comes to the Gate for entrance, and to lick their hands; but upon the leaſt offer of making an eſcape, he leaps at their throats; ſure he is a mad Dog, for where ever he bites, it rankles to the death.

His eyes is ever watching, his mouths are continually gaping, and his howling is perpetuall.

No sooner was I entred, But I met with thousands of miserable Souls, pinion'd and drag'd in Chains to the Bar, where they were to receive their Triall, with bitter lamentations bewailing (all the way as they went) and with loud execrations, cursing the bodies with whom they sometimes frolickly kept company, for leading them to those impieties, for which they must (to their everlasting ruin and destruction) dearly answer.

It was Quarter-Sessions in *Hell*, and looking narrowly about me, I chanced to see my Knight of the Post, who was sent from Earth on a message to *Pluto*: though he had been at many of their Arraignments, and knew the horrour of the Executions; yet I perceived by his Countenace that the sight of the Prisoner struck him into an astonishing amazement.

The

The Judges are ſet, (being three in number,) ſevere in look, ſharp in Juſtice, ſhrill in voice, and dreadful in their ſentence: the Priſoners are Souls that have committed Treaſon againſt their Creation: they are called to the Bar, their number infinite, their crimes numberleſs the Jury that muſt paſs upon them, who are their ſins empanneld out of the ſeveral Countries where they had their being, & are ſworn to find whoſe Conſcience is the witneſs; who upon the Book of their Lives, where all their deeds are written, gives in dangerous evidence againſt them; the furies who ſtand at the elbow of their Conſciences are there already with flaming whips to make them confeſs: for they are the Beadles of *Hell*, that whip Souls in the Devils *Bridewell*, or elſe his Executioners to put them to worſe torments.

Seſſions in Hell.

Sin is the Jury.

Conſcience given in evidence.

The Indictments are of ſeverall qua-

The several Indictments.

lities according to the several offences. Some are arraigned for *Ambition* in Court and Camp: nor is the greatest Monarch on Earth therein the least spared, if his *Ambition* be found to swell to that height, that it runs beyond its own proper bounds, and overflows the Territories of his Neighbouring Princes: some for corruption in the Church, and minding more the fleecing than the fatning of their flock: Some for the hollow-heartedness in the City; some for deceit and cheating in shops: some for Pride in the Pulpit, and loftiness in the streets; some for abominable Hypocrisie in a Conventicle: some for eating men alive in Prisons: some for Briber y; some for Extortion: a World for Drinking and drabbing; neither was there a small number of such who impudently and ignorantly kill People by vertue of a License to practice Physick. In short, every particular

cular ſin at his heels to condemn him; ſo that to plead not guilty were folly; to beg for Mercy, Madneſs: for if any ſhould do the one, he can put himſelf upon none but the Divel, and they to make quick work, give him his Paſport; if any do the other, the hands of an hundred Monarchs under their great Seals will not be taken for his Pardon, nor the leaſt mitigation of his puniſhments; for though conſcience comes to this Court poor in habit; Diſeaſed in her ſelf, wretched in her face, heavy in her gate, and hoarſe in her voice, yet carries ſhe ſuch ſtings within her to torture the poor Priſoner if he confeſs not the truth, that every word is a Judges Sentence; and when he has ſpoken, the accuſer is not ſuffered to plead for himſelf, nor to fee Counſel to do it for him.

Such who ſell Sheepsturds guilt over, for Univerſall Diſeaſes, curing Pills.

In what a lamentable condition ſtands therefore the unhappy Priſoner;

The misery of a Prisoner in that Jury.

his Indictments is impleadable, his evidence irrefutable, the Judge Impenitrable and implacable, the Judgement formidable, the Torments insufferable, the manner of them unutterable, he must endure a death without dying; Torments ending with worse beginnings: by his shreeks others shall be affrighted, himself afflicted; by thousands pointed at, by not one amongst Millions pitied; he shall see no good that may help him; what he most does love, shall be taken from him; and what he most doth loath, shall be his companions. Ad hereunto the sad cogitation of that dismal place, to which he is condemned; the remembrance whereof, is almost as grevious, as the punishment there to be endured.

That you may apprehend the better the horrour of this Vision; suppose that being gloriously attired, deliciously feasted, attended on Majestically, Musick

Muſick charming thine Ear, Beauty thine Eye, and that in the very height of all Wordly Pomp that thought can aſpire to, thou ſhouldſt be tumbled down from ſome high goodly Pinacle (built for thy pleaſure) into the bottom of a Lake, whoſe depth is unfathomable, and circuit incomprehenſible: and that being there thou ſhould'ſt be ſurrounded in a moment with all the polluted Villians that ever ſuckt damnation from the naſty breaſts of black Impiety; that the place it ſelf is gloomy, hideous, inacceſſible, peſtilentiall by damps and rotten vapors, haunted by Millions of Devils, and pitcht all over with Clouds of darkneſs, that the eye of the Moon is too dull to pierce through them, and the fire of the Sun to weak to diſſipate or diſſolve them: then that a Sulphurous ſtench, muſt ſtill ſtrike up into thy noſtrills, Adders and Toads be ſtill crawling on thy boſom; and which way ſoever thou turneſt, a fire flaſhing in thine eyes, yet yield-

ing

ing no more light than what with a glimpſe may ſhow others how thou art tormented, or elſe ſhow unto theethe tortures of others, and yet the flames to be ſo devouring in the burning, that ſhould they but glow upon Mountains of Iron, they were able to melt them like Mountains of Snow.

Laſtly that all theſe horrors, are not woven together to laſt for years, but for Ages of Worlds, and Worlds of Ages. Into what gulf of deſperate calamity would not the pooreſt beggar throw himſelf headlong into, rather than taſte the leaſt dram of this bitter portion.

If Imagination can give being to a more miſerable place than this deſcribed; ſuch a one, or no worſe than ſuch a one,is that into which the guilty Souls are led captive after they have received Sentence of Condemnation: and what tongue is able to relate, the groans and Ululations of a wretch ſo diſtreſſed; ten thouſand Pens of Steel

Steel would be worn blunt in the deſcription, and yet leave it unfiniſhed.

Fifth VISION.

The Writ for Golds enlargement now is read,
And by the Prince of darkneſs anſwered:
The Dev'l abroad his commendation ſends;
All Traytors are his Sons, Brokers his Friends.

NOw ſince the Infernall Seſſions is adjourned, and the Court broken up, let us ſeek out our Knight of the Poſt, we have already related his ill ſucceſs in his Meſſage when he addreſt himſelf to the Divel, and by delivering a Petition, for his pains he was ſent to an houſe of Correction, but the Devil conſidering, that if any longer he detain'd him there, he ſhould be a looſer for want of his ſervice on Earth,

Earth, cauſed him to be ſet at Liberty, and ordered him to deliver into his paws the ſupplication about *Gold*, his Secretary was called to read it to him; but he had not read above half way, before the Work-Maſter of witches ſnatcht it out of his hands, and thruſt it into his boſom in great rage, railing at this Letter-Carrier, and threatning to have him laſht by the Furies for his loitering ſo long, or Canterized with hot Irons for a fugitive: but this Devil in carnate recounting the many ſervices he had done his Infernall worſhip he was diſmiſt with a bleſſing, telling him moreover, that during his abſence the Author of the ſupplication had been landed by *Charon*, of whom he willed to inquire within what part of their Dominion he had taken up his lodging.

Now I underſtand he intends to anſwer every word of the Petition by word of mouth; yet becauſe he knows, that at the return of the Poſt aforeſaid, and walking upon the Exchange of

of the World, whither he charges him to haſten for the good of the Stygian Kingdom that altogether ſtands upon quick Traffique, they will flutter about him crying, *what news?* To ſtop their mouths with ſomething, ſtop them with this; that touching the enlargement of Gold (which is the firſt branch of the Petition) ſay thus that *Pluto's*, (*Pluto's* Kinſman) being the only ſetter up of tempting Idols, was born a Cripple, but had his eye-ſight as fair as the day; for he could ſee the faces and faſhions of all men in the World in the twinckling of an eye. At which time for all he went upon *Crutches*, he made a ſhift to walk abroad with many of his Friends, and none too but what were good men, a Poet or a Philoſopher might then have had his company ſooner than a Juſtice of the Peace, or a Skarlet Gown Alderman: Virtue went at that time in good cloaths, and Vice fed upon beggery: Alms-

The Devils anſwer tot he Petition.

Alms-Baskets, *Honesty and Plain-Dealing* had all the Trade in their own hands, so that Prodigals, Cheats, and Desperado's with the rest of their dissolute Faction, could not tell how to live, for want of the assistance of their Guardian-Angels, and in great danger of starving in the very streets. *Jupiter* taking notice to what side *Pluto's* did most incline, for what reason I know not, struck him stark blind, so that ever since he hath played the good Fellow, and the meerest Fop in all the Town may lead him where he list, and make sport with him in any drunken assembly: now he regards not who thrusts his hands into his pockets, nor how it is spent, a Fool shall have his heart in these days, as soon as a Physician and an Ass who cannot spell, that will never as long as he lives, get out of his Horn-book, go laden away with Guinyes, Duckatoons, and what not from his *Indian* Store-house, when *Ibis Homer*, that hath lain sick Seventeen

years

years together of the Univerſity Plague, watching, and patiently waiting for a Cure, ſhall not for an hundred weight of good Latine, and twice the quantity of moſt excellent Wit, and Reaſon, receive a three penny weight in Silver: his ignorance ariſing from his blindneſs, is the only cauſe of this *Comedie of Errors*; ſo that untill ſome Mountebanck or Quack by ſome means Galenical, Chymical or Chyrurgical, can pick out that Pin or Web which ſticks in both his eyes, (and that will very hardly be,) it is Irrevocably ſet down in the Adamantine Book of fate, that Gold ſhall be made a perpetual Slave to Slaves, a drudge to Fools, a Fool to make Woodcocks merry, whilſt Wiſe-men mourn for want thereof: or if at any time he chance to fly for refuge into the Chamber of a Courtier, to a meer Hawking Country Gentleman, to a young Student at the Law, or to any Tradeſmans eldeſt Son; the firſt will be ſure to hold him faſt and make much

much of him, the ſecond to it may be will take delight in his Society; but it was a thouſand to one the laſt will be ſoon cloyed with his converſation, and in a little time be totally rid of his company.

He would have proceeded further, had he not been interrupted by ſome weighty buſineſs; this gave me an opportunity to go and make a Geographicall Survey of *Pluto's* Kingdom.

The Temperament of the Air of this place, is very hot and dry, ten thouſand times warmer then that which lies right under the Line. It is ſo unwholſom, that the ſtrongeſt Mortall living cannot breath in it the tenth part of a minute, unleſs he bring with him ſome *Aqua Cæleſtis*, a certain Heavenly Antidote which will preſerve him from its killing Contagion.

There are no lights in that Firmament but *Blearing Stars putrid Exhalations*, flying thither, proceeding from the rotten ſtinking Carkaſſes of

rable

Vice and Vanity, the number where-of is innumerable: though light be comfortable, this is comfortleſs, and no otherwiſe uſefull than to burn in the bowels of Hells-dark-Lanthorns, and to light the eye where it ſhall ſee Millions of things in horrid and moſt dreadful ſhapes in different forms; the leaſt affrighting of them all would if ſeen on Earth, at firſt ſight, kill the moſt undaunted man that ever there had being. Theſe Infernal Territories are ſo vaſtly extenſive that not one of the Inhabitants (how skilfull ſoever in Coſmography) nay not the GrandSeignour of thePlace, could ever find out its Longitude, but the Learned here will not admit of *Antipodes*, that the form thereof is Globular, none will deny: and like the Earth in ſome meaſure has a ſmall Sea or Lake, whereinto ſome Rivers do diſcharge themſelves. There is one River of a very ſtrange Nature and wonderfull operation, the water is bitter in taſte, and

unsavory in scent, and whosoever drinksd own but half draught of his remembred former follies, it will prove *Amarulentum Poculum*; Gall is Honey, and *Assa Fetida*, Damask Roses to it.

Some I knew whose names were famous and dreadful, through the whole Town for making it their business to beat the Constable aud his Watch, and in the continuance of their Morning Rambles, if they could not find the opportunity of being so mischievous to kill whom they met, then content themselves with breaking innocent Glass-windows; and at last being tired with doing things shamefull, and evil, repair to their respective Lodgings, and sleep out the remainder of the day; that they may be inabled to go through stitch with the dark deeds of the ensuing Night. As it was no laughing matter, I could not find in my heart to be so vain as to smile to see what sower faces they made when they tasted

taſted this water, one ſip was ſufficient, it would not go down the thouſandth part ſo faſt *as a Glaſs of Burgundy or Racy Canary.*

Madam Fickle, and *Madam Fidle Faddle* with ſuch like bundles of Exchange Trompery, who had blown up their unthinking Husbands *beings*, by coſtly *Eſſences*, they taſted too a cup of their never to be forgotten Pride and Vanity, but inſtantly their ſighs came ſo thick from them, that filling the Soul with too much wind, *Charon* was in great fear that the Boat would overſet; beſides, this water is commonly turbulent, and how can it otherwiſe chooſe, being ſtirred with ſo many fighting perturbations.

Here were a number of Water-drinkers as of *Epſom*, *Tunbridge*, *Dullidge*, *&c.* who drink it not for any great Vertue they found in it, but they loved the places, becauſe it gave ſome (and they were Gameſters) an opportunity to cheat and couzen, and

to light on luxurious Women, to Cukcold their Husbands, theſe taſted too, but as gingerly as the *Aſs eating Thiſtles* fearing to prick his chops. That little they ſwallowed, brought freſh into their remembrances, all their cozenages Impieties. Debaucheries, *&c.* and without hiding the leaſt fault, exclaimed aloud againſt their Villany and wickedneſs. There was a parcel of *Semſtreſſes* who were got into this crowd, and with the reſt drank of theſe bitter Waters, to external view they ſeemed to be very pretty *Moppets*, but underſtanding what their profeſſion was, and how educated, being firſt pickt up by the Reverend Matrons their Miſtreſſes, for the ſake of their young and handſom faces, which would be a great inducement to bring Cuſtom to their ſhop, viz. *Young Gallants* (alias) *Scourers of the Road near Maiden head-Thicket, who teach them quickly another Trade beſide's what they learned of their Miſtreſſes*, and being ſet up for

for themſelves, managed it to an hair, I ſay underſtanding their Occupation and practices, undoubtedly their outſides were not ſo fair, but that their inſides were as foul, theſe (having each of them drank a draft) ſhed an Ocean of tears, running down like Torrents over their blubber'd cheeks, and with ſuch continued ſtreams, that all the Linnen in their ſhops would not ſerve for Handkerchiefs to dry their deluged countenances; and all this came by thinking what variety of pleaſures they had untimely left behind them, and what torments they were like to endure everlaſtingly, for ſo much indulging their ſenſes, with all manner of Riot and Luxury.

As for the name of this firſt River it matters not much; the Antients call it by the name of *Styx*; but call it by what name you pleaſe, all that I ſhall ſay further of it is this, that the Water is very thick; and how can it otherwiſe chooſe, being ſtirred with ſo many

thouſand fighting perturbations. Having paſſed over this firſt River, you ſhall preſently have your way ſtopt by another; it is a little cut by Land, but a tedious and dangerous Voyage by Water. Here too you muſt wait your Marriners leaſure, the ſame wrangling ill lookt Fellow that was your firſt man, is your laſt man; here you ſhall lie at every Havens mouth for a wind till *Belzebub* hales you: this River the Men of Old, whoſe Nodles were filled with ſtories of their own making about Gods and Goddeſſes, and their offſpring begot by ſtealth on over-powred Mortals, Deviliſh fighting Fellows. I ſay they called this River *Acheron*, which after many Circumgirations falls into the *Stygian Lake.*

Loathing of Sin, the Second River.

It is the Water of loathſomneſs, and runs with a ſwifter current than the former: for when the Soul ſees deaths Barge tarrying for her, ſhe begins to be ſorry for

for her Ante-acted evils, and then ſhe is ſailing over *Acheron*; but when ſhe draws the curtain, and looks narrowly upon the Pictures, which her own hand drew, and finds them to be ugly, deformed, diſproportionable, Irregular, *&c.* ſhe abhors her own workmanſhip, and wiſhes for more Sail, that ſhe may the more ſpeedily be tranſported over the Stygian Torrent.

Repentance of our Sins, the third River.

The third River is called by the firſt born Sons of *Apollo*, *Cocytus*, ſomewhat cleaner than both the other, and is the *Water of Repentence*, being an Arm of Styx.

Many have here been caſt away, and frozen to death, when the River (as oftentimes it doth) grows wonderfull cold.

All ſorts of Souls are not ſuffered to ſail upon it; for to ſome (as if the Water had ſenſe, and could not brook an unworthy burden; it ſwells into inexpreſſible Tempeſts, to fling them

to and fro, and at length in the storm are cast away and drowned; to others more love cannot appear between two faithful and indeared Friends, than the gentle smoothness of these Waters do express.

Besides these, there are two other Rivers, viz. *Phlegeton* and *Pyriphlegeton*, burning Rivers which fall in with *Cocitus*: Sailing over which there is no great matter of danger; (though they look with all the horror and dread imaginable,) but if they do no harm, it is because the *Ferry-man* hath wafted you safely over the *Waters of Repentance*; otherwise those hot liquors will instantly invade and seize all parts of your body, and penetrate your very Soul. No boiling Oile, Lead, or what the Earth can produce most hot, horible, and tormenting comes near it in the least degree.

Unless you sail safely even by the Waters of Repentance, you are in danger to be drowned in despair.

Whilst

Whilſt I was in a ſerious contemplation about things of this greateſt importance; news was brought me by a certain malitious pug, (to divert me from ſuch thoughts) of a very pleaſant paſſage between *Charon* and *Mercury*, the Meſſenger of the Gods, which you ſhall find diſcovered in the next Viſion.

Sixth VISION.

Hells Skuller and the Purſevant of Heaven,
Caſt many recknings up, but are not even
Till a Plague falls: Souldiers ſet out a throat,
Men brave and ſtout come mangled to his Boat.

AT the Banks-ſide, when *Pluto's* Purſevant came to take Water, *Mercury* (*that runs of all the Errands between the Gods*) having been of a Meſſage

Meſſage from *Ceres*, to her daughter *Proſerpine*(Hells tawny ſooty Queen) finding *Charon* in his Boat, becauſe as if it had been in a long Vacation few fares were ſtirring, fell to caſt up old reckonings between himſelf and the Weather beaten-Skuller, for certain od trifling things laid out about *Charons* buſineſs.

The firſt *Item* that ſtood in *Mercury*'s bill was for Nayls to mend your Boat, when two Baylifs and their Bums came drunk from a Bawdy-houſe, and falling out upon the diviſion of the ſpoil, which they had got by arreſting a Monyed Crack, ſplit three of the boards with their Club-fiſts — 4 *d.*

Item laid out for Pitch to trim your Boat, about the middle of the laſt great Contagion that ſhe might go tight and brave, and do her labour cleanly — 11 *d.*

Item For Glew and whip-cord to mend your broken Oar — 3 *d.*

Hold there cry'd Charon; *in your two*

two firſt Items, *you have ſomewhat over-reatcht me; but I muſt confeſs this is reaſonable; yet I have carried a great many in my Wherry Males and Females, from the Silken Whore to the pitifull poor Tatterdemalion that have had forty times more Whip-cord given them for nothing: but now go on.*

Item For Juniper, and other Pocky and Plaguy Antidotes, Perfumes, to ſweeten your Boat after it carried thoſe bone-eaten, fleſh-rotten, wretches whom Hot-houſes and Hoſpitals had ſpew'd out of their tuition.

A Pox on them (*cry'd* Charon,) *who got by the Raskalls?*

Item Lent to a Company of *Country-ſtrolling-Players*, Eleven in number one ſhearer and his Female Cub, three Hackney Jades, and Six Journey men, that with wandring up and down to Fairs and Markets to little or no purpoſe, through extream want, Pox and Poverty were brought to Deaths door; which Mony was lent upon their ſtock

of

of apparrell, which they call properties, to pay for Boat hire, intending to try, if they might be ſuffered to play in the Devils name, which ſtock afterwards came into your claws, and you dealt upon it, in all amounting to thirteen pence half-penny.

They had a Pattent, and his hand to a Warrant, but their rags ſerved to make me Swabbers, becauſe they never fetcht them again; ſo that belike he proved a good Lord and Maſter to them, imploying them to make new Perge Mentiri, *prophane Drolls, and obſcene Farces, which ſhould be ſent annually by Hells Nuntio, to the Rabble of Wit-pretenders, and Play-ſpoilers that conſtantly erect Booths in, and frequent* Bartholomew, *and* Southawrk *Fairs.*

Item, when a *Cobbler* of Poetry, called a *Tranſlator*, *Play-patcher*, or *Cutter of Plays*, was condemn'd to be duckt three times in the Cucking-ſtool of *Periphlegeton* (being one of the ſcalding Rivers in Hell, becauſe he

he ſcoft at his betters, and reprehended the works of thoſe he could not mend, laid out at that time for a diſguize to convey him away from the ſhame and puniſhment — 4 *d*.

Item For Needle and Thred to dearn above two and fifty holes in your ſails, and to a Botcher for half a days work about it — 7 *d*.

That botcher (cry'd *Charon*) I preferred to be *Lucifers* Taylor, becauſe he works with a hot Needle and burnt Thread, and that ſeven pence he gave me for my good will; why ſhould not I take bribes as well as others: if it be Lawfull for them, it is ſo for me. I know not how you may eſcape ſaid *Mercury*; but for others you ſpeak of, they will find a ſevere puniſhment for ſo doing.

Mercury having caſt up all the whole ſum of his debt, the Skuller told him, he was now out of Caſh, it was a hard time, and he doubted there is ſome ſecret Bridge made over to Hell, and

that

and that they ſteal thither in guilt Coaches.

But however (continued he) though the Market proves bad, bear with me till another Epidemicall Sickneſs happen; or ſome great Battail fought between the *Hungarians*, and the Great *Turk*, or next Champain between the *French* and *Hollanders* with their Allies, any of theſe three, will be ſufficient to wipe off not only my old ſcore, but build me likewiſe a new Boat: *Mercury* ſeeing no remedy, though he knew well enough that the old churle was not without Money, took his wings and away he flew to *Olimpius*.

Scarce was he out of ſight, but on the other ſide of the River ſtood a company, crying out luſtily, a Boat, a Boat hey, and who ſhould they be but a gallant Troop of Engliſh Spirits, all ſtob'd, cut, and ſlaſht like ſo many old *Romans*, that for overcoming death in their manly reſolutions, were ſent away out of the field crown-

crowned with the Millitary Honour of Arms.

The foremoſt of them was a perſon of ſo comly and compoſed preſence, that Nature and Fortune had done him wrong, if they had not made him a Souldier. In his countenance there was a kind of Indignation fighting with an exalted joy, which by his very geſture was plainly apparent; for he was jocond that his Soul ſhook hands with his body in ſo glorious a triumph, but diſdainfully angry that ſhe wrought her enlargement through no more dangers; yet were there bleeding witneſſes enough on his Breaſt, which teſtified he did not yield till he was conquered, and was not conquered, till there was nothing of a man left in him to be overcome: for beſides thoſe *Mortui & muti Teſtes*, which ſpake moſt for him, when he himſelf was paſt ſpeaking, he made a ſhift to lay down an overplus of life (when the debt was diſcharged at one mortall payment before)

fore) only to ſhew in what object account he held deaths Tirany, *Charon* glowting upon him, demanded who he was, but he ſcorning to be his own Chronicle, or Trumpet of his merited fame, and not ſuffering the reſt to execute the Office, they all leaped into the Ferry. Amongſt whom one that ſate out of his hearing within the reach of the Waterman (to ſhorten the way, *London* quoth he) gave him breath, *Holland*, hath felt his blows, and *England* now cannot chooſe but find his loſs. He was naturally inclined to the Sword, yet knew better how to end quarrels than begin them. At Sea he loſt an Arm with unimitable patience, which firſt ſtorm did rather drive him on to more dangerous adventures, though to the hazard even of a *Shipwrack*, then like a fearfull Merchant run his fortunes and reputation on ground, for the boiſterous threatnings of every idle billow. Wars at Sea ceaſing, he went into *France* to try his

his Valour by Land, and it was his hard hap to looſe an *Eye* before *Maeſtricht*, hereupon he reſolved to leave the remainder of his body to that Country, which had taken from him one of the beſt Jewels of his life, ſince it had a piece of him he would not ſo diſhonour the place, as to carry away the reſt untoucht, or unbroken, into the field therefore comes he,(the Fates putting both eyes into one,)of purpoſe that he might look on none but his Enemies; where a Battail being to be fought, his own merit advanced him to advance the Colours, by which dignity, he became of the faireſt marks, which was then to be ſhot at, and where a great part of that days glory was to be won. But ſuch was his hard Fortune that the Enemies ambition thirſting after his *Staff*, threw at all in hope to win his Colours, and inſtead of ſtriking them out of his hands ſtruck him: in ſo much that he was twice ſhot and twice run through the body, yet

would not ſurrender his hold for all thoſe breeches, but ſtripping the prize for which they, off from the Staff to which it did belong, and wrapping his dying body in it, before his Colours could be called his Winding-ſheet with his Sword in his hand he threw himſelf into the thickeſt of danger, where after he had made ſeverall prodigious proofs of his incomparable, Valour moſt valiantly came off with no more life left, than what would ſerve to deliver up his ſpirit in the Arms of none but his Friends and fellow Souldiers. So that as if Fortune had been jealous of her own inconſtancy Death (at her entreaty) took him away in the *Meridian* of a happineſs, leſt any black Evenings overcaſting ſhould ſpoil it with alteration.

Charon hearing ſo laudible a Character of this brave youug Man, hum'd, and ſeemed much pleaſed with his fare: Now whilſt this Comrade of his was making this Relation this Valiant Enſigne

Enſigne was delivering an Oration to his fellow Souldiers there with him in the Boat wherein he proved this Theſiis.

That it is the pleaſanteſt life to be always in danger.

Elevating his voice, ſaid he, fellow Souldiers give me leave to tell you that danger is nothing elſe but a meer Chymæra, a notionall nothing; for if we ſay there is ſuch a thing as danger before hand, it may be fear or misinformation, yet poſſibly the danger may never touch us. If we conſider it in the preſent tenſe, and really effected, 'tis not danger, but Miſery, and if we conſider it in the preter tenſe 'tis paſt and gone. Now ſince all time is comprehended under theſe three terms, and this falls under none of them, it follows that this hath no time at all, which being inſeperable to every exiſtence, as the meaſure of its duration,

it will be evident, that danger is a meer *Non-entity*, and thoſe that fear it, fear juſt nothing.

In the compariſon of good and evil, we ever account thoſe evills the leaſt, which are the leaſt laſting, and on the contrary, thoſe goods the beſt which are the moſt conſtant and durable. Now for Dangers ſuppoſing that we ſhould grant them to be evils, what more Courteous and ſlight evils could we wiſh for, than thoſe that are come and gon in a moment. But dangers are ſo far from that, that they are commonly ſooner paſt than known, but the remembrance of them remains perpetually freſh, and bring every day new circumſtances to claw the underſtanding. Nay and ſuch a faithfull good it is; that no Malice of Fortune can berave us of, but it ſtays with us in other miſeries, whereas *Friends Patrimony*, Honour can quickly vaniſh, and as we can no more graſp them than a *ſhadow*, ſo we can no more

more recommand them, then call back Yesterday.

But supposing Danger, such a thing as ought possibly to be feared, since all wisemen agree with the Stoicks in this, *that we ought not to be troubled for things which are not in our power, and we cannot help*, and that the life of man is beset with such a many contingences, which may every minute either surprize or assault us, what a madness were it to anticipate our inevetable misery, and like one who threw away his *Gold*, for fear of losing it, yet since Death will at last conquer us, the madness of men hath not shewed it self any more in any thing, then in their fear of it. Some assossinating themselves for fear of assassination, and therein showing at once an act of the greatest Cowardize and cruelty (for every thing must love it self the best) that is possible. Others execute themselves by lingring deaths, and tortures of their fears, and so make it a punish-

ment greater then ever nature meant it. Whilst the gravest and most sober men put it only among the boons of Nature, and by their frequent composures, even at the very instant of their dissolution, confute the horror of it And if this great *Bugbear* of Mankind, when its Vizard is off, prove such a tame Foolery, I wonder what the Petty dangers must shrink into.

There is nothing among all the excellencies of Mankind, more shining than knowledge and Courage, and both these without dangers would be dull, heavy and unactive habits, what use were there for knowledge if we met not with the mazes and intricacies of life? And what more wise than a present ingenuity in avoiding dangers, or a vast conduct in preventing them, or a sly dexterity in weakning them. If there were no storms at *Sea*, what use were *Pilots* of, but talkative burdens: but upon the first outrage of a Storm,

they

they are the only things, that are called upon, and worſhipped.

For Courage it is only ſeen in danger and without them Hares and Lyons are of equall fortitude, great Souls that dare affront dangers are therein tried, and move at that time in their naturall motion, and to its own proper bounds, every thing hath an appetency, and therefore muſt neceſſarily delight in it. And can there be a greater pleaſure to a man than for ſo ſmall a trifle, as his own heart ſhould inable him to conquer a Monſter or a multitude.

Brave minds are like *Gold* purified by the fire of dangers, and exalted up to their due perfection. And if nature do ſo chearfully, even in her vegetative things imbrace every advantage, may we not think that rationall Souls have theſe deſires ſo much the more ſtrong, by how much their natures are the more noble.

For the passive part of Fortitude, it is so far from being a Traytor to the happiness of man that it inebriates the mind in all calamities and makes them lushious nay restorative unto her. Now this without danger could not be; for jealousie ever attends on Misery, and there is none holds fast one link of it, but he may justly fear for to catch another. What greater misery than Poetry, which threatens by flying from us, and is a negative Enemy? yet by induring of it, it becomes light. And since what is not burdensom to us, but light must needs please us, and that a man is never himself but when he exercises his head or heart, which without dangers he could not do, it is evident that we are beholding to them, as the spitefull Spurs and dear entertainments of the life of man. Moreover man delights in nothing so much as in Fame, and how can he be more glorious than by shewing a serenity, nay gladness amidst so many Enemies,

mies as dangers, are? Or what can be more delightful to him, than to ſee he is ſo much his own Maſter, that he can defie all caſualties, and either careleſly contemn them or expect them with confidence. What more pernicious to whole *Armies*, nay even inſulting Conquerors, then ſecurity? What better means to frighten away ſecurities than dangers? which needs muſt be of a Soveraign vertue, that are a means to preſerve whole *Armies*, and of a moſt diffuſive fruitful nature, that when they appear leaſt they are greateſt.

Beſides rewards are proportioned to dangers; which ſhews them of a worthy and deſerving nature; and therefore many men have been called the Saviours of their Country, at one time for ſome little performances which if they had done at another time would hardly have been noted, and hence it is that many great Stratagematick Wits have no better ways either

either for ſtartling their Enemies, or retaining their Friends, than by increaſing the ſhew of their dangers.

But if the ſhadow and meer repreſentation of dangers, what is the ſubſtance and dangers themſelves; when a man's in ſafty few regard him many may envy him; but falling once into danger, tears, commiſeration, relief, and that poſſible from his Enemies which is the ſweeteſt of all come unto him.

Since we have manifeſted the rare uſe and neceſſities of dangers, it will not be hard for us, now to ſhew them of that gallant and cordiall nature, that they cloſely accompany the caſt things and imediately flow from our moſt apparent happineſs, from which they are not more ſeperable than heat from light.

And are not I pray the beſt things in greateſt danger; *Porcellan*, and *Venice* glaſſes are the moſt apt to be broken, the Richeſt flowers are the ſooneſt

ſooneſt cropt, the beſt faces do the ſooneſt decay, the beſt men are moſt liable to envy, the Richeſt to ſpoil, and indeed, what better in all the World, then that divine Stone of the Chymiſt; yet men in the atchieving of it, do commonly hazard both their brains and Eſtates, and in caſe they come near and end, it is a very good eſcape, if their Glaſſes be not melted or broken.

But indeed to conſider the thing aright, dangers are ſo incorporated and mingled with the beſt courſe of life, that like *Hippocrite*, *Twins* they both live and die together. What more fortunate than to be the favorite of the *Prince*, yet the Thrones of Princes themſelves are not placed on Cubes, nor are thoſe Cubes founded on *Rocks*, or Cemented with *Braſs*, they may die by the cornel of a Grape, by an Hair, *&c.* and then where is the Favorite. Do's not he hold by a poor Tenure, that ha's no more aſſurance.

This.

This brave young man undoubtedly had proceeded, but that he ſaw he was juſt upon landing. *Charon* (as well as the reſt of the company was infinitely pleaſed with this Oration, who having rid his Boat of them directed them to thoſe happy places, which were allotted to none but Martialliſts.

Seventh VISION.

In the old Bedlam of this loathſom Hell,
See more what Perſons chain'd in every Cell.

BEing tired with my ſtay in theſe Infernall Regions, I fully reſolved to make my progreſs to *Elizium*, but before I ſhape my courſe that way, give me leave to tell you there are ſeverall ſorts of Cells in this Bedlam of the damn'd,

damn'd for ſeveral *ſorts of Offenders*; *for Atheiſts, for Swearers, and For-ſwarers, for Murderers, for Adulterers, for Religious, Hipocrites*, &c.

There was here a large Apartment for Huffs (*becauſe their number was very great*) who made the Earth quake where ever they came, with their roaring Broadſides of new Minted *Oaths*, upon every ſlight, or no occaſion at all.

Next theſe were a parcel of Beauty-Hunters, who for profit, or pleaſure, or both (like the Libertine in the Play) will have no mercy (in their damn'd heat of Blood) on the Female Sex, from thirteen to threeſcore, *having follow'd this Trade ſo long till their Carkaſſes have become rotten by often waſhing and tallowing, patching and mending*; that they hardly durſt venture the ſtriding over a Kennel, fearing they ſhould fall all to pieces in that bold and deſperate attempt:

Caſting

Caſting my eyes off from theſe, I ſaw a number of ſpruce fine Foolls who (whilſt on Earth) had more skill in faſhions, than knowledge of good maners whoſe Wit and underſtanding did not lie in their Heads, but flaxen Wiggs; and their valour in the ſhowing their Silver-Swords (*with as much Ribbon at the Hilt as would go near to trim a pair of Pantaloons*, and this garniture they had rather ſhow in the open ſtreets, then the naked Blade privately in the field, or publicly in the defence of their *King and Country*: inſtead thereof Oaths were their daily Prayers, acknowledging no other deity then a Miſs, her Shrine the Stage, and a Comedy the ſamnity of all their Devotions: Theſe were of the number of thoſe dreadfull Male Butter-flies, which you muſt ſhun, leaſt they fly in your face, or bribe their Bullies to do it for them, becauſe they dare not do it themſelves for want of Courage.

Here

Here were a bundance of Shop-keepers and Tradeſmen, either ſuch who deſignedly broke to cheat their Creditors; or ſuch whoſe Conſciences were too wide to be meaſured by their own yard, for as the one is too large, the other is ſhorter than it ſhould be; by which means they ran through the ſeverall Offices of the Pariſh, from *Skavengers to deceivers of the Poor*, and ſo forward, living plentifully at home, and allowing their Wives the longing ſatisfaction of having a Country houſe, wherein ſhe may enjoy the full liberty of entertaining ſome peculiar friend, without any reflection from an Huſband.

Turning my head about I ſaw a thouſands of ſuch who were called by doting Poets, Earthly Goddeſſes, and yet poor worms liv'd on nothing but corruption; had they been compoſed of pure Metal, their often burning would have refined them.

With

With these were mixt a great many whose Age pleaded five times their Antiquity, at first sight one would have sworne they were Mother *Shiptons* own Sisters they were so like her Picture, only they herein differ'd, that she is reported to have a monstrous long Nose, but most of these had none at all, and very few but what had lost an eye in the Battail. These Moths to Maiden-heads, and Murdresses of Chastity, such, who nastily feed, on what others sit upon: these Beldams with the younger fry cry'd out they were undone by fire, and therein spoke truth, for they were burnt out of the World with a Pox to them, and came hither (black Souls) like Charcoale lighted at one end.

I should tire the Reader and my self too, shou'd I give him a particular account of all the remarkable things I saw there, wherefore I shall come to my last Observation, and that was upon a sort of People I knew not what

what to make of, they were a Miſcellany of ſeveral Sects, and were broachers of dangerous opinions, when they were on the Earth; and although they differ'd in judgement about many things, yet they all agreed in this particular.

That Women ought to go naked.

Obſerving them to be a parcel of Mad-fellows, and the women as ſhameleſs and as impudent as they, I inquired by what names they were known by and diſtinguiſhed: one ſtanding by, told me, that ſome were called *Fifth Monarchy*-Men, the reſt *Ranters*, *Familiſts* and *Adamites*: Adamites ſaid I? what Opinion are they of; the Ring-leader of this Faction over-hearing me aſk this queſtion, readily replied that they were ſuch who indeavoured to prove that it was not only lawful, but neceſſary for Mankind to go naked; and ſince ſaid he, I was one of the firſt that did

ſpread this opinion, when I trod the Stage of the World, I will obſtinately maintain the ſame here in this place, where for us there is no hopes of Redemption.

Having ſo ſaid with a loud voice, he delivered this ſpeech, by which you may gueſs that the Creatures of the Devil, cannot only *Cant*, but ſpeak eloquently too, when they pleaſe: and thus he began.

Though we may juſtly incur the diſpleaſure of the Women, in aſſerting this Theſis of the Lawfulneſs of going naked, by diveſting of them of all that the Taylour contributes, which is as much as to deprive them of the beſt part of themſelves; yet I am ſure, I ſhall have the pardon, if not the favour of moſt of Mankind; or at leaſt the moſt noble and flouriſhing part of it, Youth, (did they hear me) which are the only Judges in this caſe.

As for thoſe things which they call Old men, I except againſt them as a Gene-

Generation of decrepit and withered understandings: a People, whose minds could they be looked into, would prove infinitely more monstrous then their bodies; and such, *as like Old Munkies, having either gnaw'd away, or lost their Tails, read Lectures to young Ones to eat theirs too.* And now to speak only like an Angel of Light, I positively affirm, that what was done in the Primitive times, when our reason was not depraved with long traditionall Customs, nor tinctured by any prevalescent humour, is most consonant to the Law of Nature, and consequently ought most to be followed. The first Man and Woman were so far from being cloathed; that it was the great mark of their Liberty and Uprightness; and the first brand that stigmatized them after their transgression. Nor did the Ages that presently succeeded that, either grow up into a garb or fashion, but continued with a very little variation, and possibly what their

Progenitors did only with *Fig-leaves*, they supplied with *Kids-kin Aprons.*

Yea, and those Nations who have not alienated their naked simplicity, either by commerce, or busy inventions, do as yet retain this open integrity, and declines not into these unworthy Sophistications of Garments; as was observed in many of the *Indians* at the first discovery, who living meerly among themselves, and by their own peculiar Customs, it is to be supposed, most retained among them, of that which Nature desired to be kept pure and unvaried.

Not to say, that all men naturally desired to go uncovered, yet certainly, it is a shrewd suspition of it; for when the Sun begins to shine warm to cold Nothern Countries, the People know no better way to congratulate the presence of that fruitful Light, then by putting on thin or open cloaths, and frequent bathings: but since that Tyrant

Tyrant Cuſtom, prohibits them abſolute nakedneſs, they would approach it as near as they can.

Now in Women theſe deſires, are far more intenſe; for they at all times uncover the part of their chiefeſt Beauty, as their *Face, Neck, Breaſts and Hands*, ſo that they do endeavour in part to break that reſtraint, which hides the reſt of their glory, and to ſet forth their delicate Treſſes, pleated and weaved with ſuch variety, their Ivory Necks, their Harmonious Faces, their Milky Spherical Breaſts, and their melting Hands. And though poſſibly Jealouſie may cauſe all theſe to be bad, yet 'tis but violation; and the weather, and yet that is but Providence, or poſſibly Company, and that is but compliance; for what Woman is there (if not tainted with deformity) that could not wiſh that all her Garments were of Lawn, and tranſparent, rather then Rich and Gorgeous: for if (as it is the opinion of ſome) that Souls un-

willingly depart out of fair Bodies, that muſt needs be a curious Manſion which ſo fine a ſubſtance is in love with, and then I pray can you blame the owner to delight in it: and what a torment is delight, if ſhut up in one breaſt, and not diffuſed into a lively communication, for all kind of bleſſings multiply by their diviſion, and what greater bleſſing; than a rare Symetry and contexion of Feature, which can charm knowledge into admiration, and Majeſty into Love.

Mortal men give to Vertues the habits and viſages of Women, and of all the Virtuous Truths among them (*not us*) is lookt upon the beſt, for ſay they (Truth is lookt upon the Mother of Juſtice, and Juſtice ſay they again) comprehends them all, yet ſhe is naked, although ſhe love the publick, and hate corners, and is it not very fit, that all the Sex ſhould imitate ſuch an excellent pattern and Miſtreſs.

It

It may be objected by the foolishly chast, and continent, that this would produce infinite provocations, and incitements to the injoyments of the flesh; that I may remove all such scruples, from such Stomachs, I say not, (for though I speak) now against such Vices and Vanities that bring thousands into this Kingdom, viz. *Painting the Face, light and loose Garments, Artificiall Tours, Flexure and Fracture of Gate,* with an hundred things more to hide deformity; I say these add more fewel to a lustfull breast, than if all went with no other Mantles then nature thrust them into the World with.

If men would consider it aright, there is nothing that doth so much puff up lust, *as the circumstances of Rich apparrell, curious Dressings, Essences and strong Perfumes,* which serve up the apprehension, and fix the Imagination upon something that is great. So that by this means by deligent search

there might be found a vaſt number of great Perſons, zealouſly courted to have their appetites ſatisfied; whereas if they were either left naked, or reduced to a Vulgar garbe, they might lie fallow, or be Indicted for Witches. Now nakedneſs reſtores women to themſelves; for what an irregular height do *Venetian Chippins* mount them to? What Towers do the Turkiſh Tires wear upon their womens heads? How are the *Grecians* buried in cloaths? How do the dreſſings of all Nations diſguiſe them, that they muſt put on their Maſquin habits, or be taken to pieces like Watches e're they can be enjoyed. And to what other end were they made? The Cuſtoms of Countries are different, and that garbe is Majeſtick in one place, which is ridiculous or ſordid in another. All People have not the ſame conceptions of Beauty; which is as hateful to an *Ethiopian*, as black to us. But once uncloathed women

and

and they were all the ſame, but the conceptions about the Harmony and meaſures of a body differ not. And what greater right can be done to women then to bring them to be judged by one Rule. And ſince every woman judges her ſelf the faireſt, ſhe that would be backward to this Arbitriment, would be a diffident of her ſelf, and conſequently a Rennegade from her Sex. Now what better way of Judgement then thoſe Rules, which the voices of all men conclude upon.

There have two great blemiſhes lain upon this Sex: the uncertainty and change of their judgements, and their inconſtancy in their cloaths and carriage. And how can either be better removed, than if they were once reduced into ſuch a poſture, as they ſhould all neceſſarily agree in, and they had not Liberty to change? And I pray what other way is there unleſs you make them all naked?

But

But then they may complain, take away their Arts and Ornaments, they ſhall want of their complacency and provocations to either Husband or Gallants: to which I anſwer, that ſince it is fit to borrow the cuſtoms of others, as well as imitate thoſe of our Anceſtors the *Danes* and *Britians*, if they be uſefull and fit to be aſſumed, there may be ſeen choice of dreſſings enough in the one, and other *Indies.*

In a word, ſince Sun, Moon, Stars, *&c.* appear as nature made them, ſince the ſtrongeſt and moſt handſom Animalls are ſatisfied with their own naturall veſtures, and the moſt ugly and deformed repine not, ſince the moſt delicate and Aramatick flowers are not aſhamed of their barks of Prickles which are commonly unſightly, if not offenſive; in it is but an irregular and diſeaſed deſire in women, who are the Maſter-pieces of Nature, and of that ſort of productions, wherein ſhe is moſt vain-glorious and emulous to undo her

ſelf,

ſelf, to deſcend to thoſe little poor adulterations of Art, which are ſo far beneath her, as the moſt exquiſite artificiall thing in the world, is below the moſt careleſs production of Nature.

As he was about to proceed, I ſlunk out of the crowd, fearing the pollution of my underſtanding, by the fulneſs of his Doctrine; and knowing the Devil to be a Logician, and a cunning Sophiſter, I knew not but that he might ſet on to work this dangerous diſciple, of his to make me his *Proſelite*; and upon my return engaged me to be his Factor in ſpreading this erronious opinion, to the utter undoing of Female modeſty, and ſhame-facedneſs.

VISION.

Eighth VISION.

The fields of joy describ'd, there none must dwell,
But purged Souls, and such as have done well:
Some Souldiers there, but none that dy'd in love,
Poets sit singing in a Laurell Grove.

WHilst I directed my course for *Elizium*, and the Ferriman was plying his Fairs for covetuousness of Money, the wandring Knight(aforesaid)having dispatcht with the Devil, and understanding that he, upon whose business he was just at that time walking in the *Elizian Gardens*, he vainly thought to take that in his way; but the Infernall Laws barring him from entrance into those sacred places,he told *Charon*, that he was going on a Message for his Hellish Lord and Master, and therefore demanded waftage over; which was

was done accordingly: and finding himſelf where he would be with as few words, as he was wont to carry pence in his purſe, he inſtantly mounts one of the *Devils Hacknies*, and away he rides to follow his other worldly buſineſs; about which, whilſt he is damnably ſweating, take a ſurvey with me of thoſe *Inſula Fortunata*, ordained to be the happy Countries for none but bleſſed Souls poſſeſſion.

The walls that encompaſs theſe glorious habitations, are as white as the Front of Heaven, they ſhine like poliſht Ivory, but the ſtuff is finer, high they are like the Pillars that ſupport the Court of *Jove*, and ſtronger they are then Towers built by Enchantment: there is but one Gate to it all, and that of the moſt refined Silver: ſo narrow it is, that but one at once can enter round about it wears a Girlde of Chriſtalline-waters that are ſweet and redolent.

Walk

Walk into the Groves, beſides the inexpreſſible harmony of the winged airy Quire, you ſhall ſee Swains piping, and Virgins chaſtly Dancing; Shepheards there live as merrily as Kings, and Kings are glad to be in the ſociety of ſuch harmleſs rurall companions.

The Widdow there complains of no wrong, the Orphan ſheds no Tears; for Covetouſneſs has there no reſidence, nor cruelty abode with the ſway of greatneſs: the poor Client needs fee no Counſellour to plead for him, for there is no Jury to bring in Verdicts true or falſe, or Judges unjuſtly to caſt, or malitiouſly condemn, There is all mirth without immodeſty, all Health, without baſe abuſing it, Songs ſung continually without bawdry, all ſorts of Wines without intemperance, all riches without Senſuallity; all Beauty without Painting, or other Sophiſtications; all Love without Hypocriſie, or diſſimulation.

Winter there Plays not the Tyrant, neither is the Summer breath contagious:

for

for Spring is ever there perpetuall, adorning the boughs with flouriſhing leaves, the Fruits continually growing, and the flowers ever budding. The Benches whereon the bleſt Inhabitants ſit, are ſweet Beds of Violets; the Beds whereon they lie, Damask-Roſes; their Pillows for their Hearts, are Hearts-Eaſe, &c. Neither is this a Country free from all Travellers, but is the Kingdom, and very Pallace, where happineſs her ſelf keeps Court, and none are allow'd her followers and attendants, but ſuch as are of merit.

Of all men in the world, griping over-reaching Landlords, dare not *quarter* themſelves here, becauſe they are *Rackers of Rents*. A Pettifogger, or ſplitter of Cauſes (who hath taken a Fee on both ſides, from the Plaintiff, and Defendant) will be damn'd e're he come with in ſight of this place: Some Shop-keepers come many *yards ſhort* of it: *Farmers*, who raiſe their Corn in a dear time unreaſonably, cannnot reach

reach it by thousands of *Acres*: Some Seamen, for want of a true *Compass* that may guide them thither, steer a quite contrary course, and a *Taylor* shall never get thither unless he *creep* through the *Eye* of his own *Needle*: though true Poets, are free Denisons hereof; yet here is no Room for *Pamphletteering Poetasters*, *Ballad-makers*, and their chaunts, since by the insufferable noise of their Nonsense they must consequently be disturbers of the peace of that Kingdom. Women (for all their subtilety) scarce one among five hundred hath her Pew there, *especially old Midwives, Chamber-maids, and waiting Gentlewomen*, their secret doings and contrivances are too well known to be let into these Lodgings. None can be free of these Liberties, but such as have consciences without cracks; hands not spotted with uncleanness; feet not founder'd or worn out with walking to do mischief and injuries and Hearts that never

were

were dig'd hollow by the Inſtruments of flattery and diſſimulation.

There are many ſorts of Men more that are abſolutely deny'd entrance, to tell you who they are, I ſhall not only take up too much time, but over-fret the Hearts and Guts of them that are ſo concerned; I ſhall therefore inform you, who have free admiſſion into theſe Teritories.

In the firſt place, *young Infants, who dy'd at the Breaſt, and never ſuckt of the Sins of their Parents: theſe are moſt welcom thither for their Innocence.*

Choriſters if not drunken, debaucht ſinfull Perſons, but devout and holy Singers, whoſe Divine *Anthems* have bound Souls by their Charms, and whoſe lives are Tapers of Virgin-Wax ſet in Silver-Candleſticks to guide men out of Errors darkneſs, they know their places there, and have them for their integrity.

Some Schollers are admitted into this Society, but the number of them,

all is not ſo many as two Colledges can produce in the Univerſity of *Oxford*: and the Reaſon, is they either kindle Fire-brands (in the Sanctified places) by their contention, or kill the hearts of others by their coldneſs.

One field there is among all the reſt, ſet round about with Willows, it is called *the field of Mourning*, and in this upon banks of flowers that wither away, even with the ſcorching ſighs, of thoſe that ſit upon them; are a great number of amorous Malecontents (there quantity for ſeveral years of late has not been augmented for People now adays, are not ſo fooliſh and indiſcreet) I ſay theſe look of the ſame complection, as the (much to be pittied) Mad-folks in *Bedlam*; and theſe forelorn Lovers like them deſire to be alone; ſuch as pined away to nothing, for nothing; ſuch as for the Love of an inconſtant wanton Weathercock, have gon drowned in Tears to their Graves, whilſt ſhe in the mean

mean time went laughing into anothers bed, to think ſhe had loſt ſo kind and melting a Coxcomb as this her deceaſed Sweet-heart.

All the joy that theſe poor fools feed upon, is to ſit ſinging lamentable Ditties to ſome doleful Tunes; for though they have changed their old lives, they cannot forget their young Loves: they ſpend their time in making Mirtle Garlands, and ſhed ſo much water out of their eyes, that it hath made a pretty little River, which lies ſoaking continually at the roots of the Willow-trees, there is another piece of ground wherein are encamped none but Souldiers; and of thoſe not all ſorts of Souldiers neither, but only ſuch who dy'd nobly in the Wars: and yet of thoſe but a certain number neither: that is to ſay, ſuch that in Execution were never bloody: in their Countries revenge, ſevere, but not cruel, ſuch who held death in one hand, and mercy in the other; *ſuch who when drawn out upon*

ſome Forreign expedition by the order of his Prince, was more willing to go than ſtay; not like ſuch, who made all means they could in glorioufly to ſtay at home, than venture the honourable dying a broad for King and Country, Beyond all theſe places, is a Grove, which ſtands by it ſelf like an Iſland; for a ſtream (that makes Muſick in the running) claſps it round about Lawrels grew ſo thick round the banks thereof, that Lightning it ſelf, if it came thither, could not pierce through them. It ſeems without a deſolate, and unfrequented wood (for thoſe within are retired into themſelves) but from them came ſuch harmonious ſounds, the ſweetneſs whereof cannot be ſuggeſted to the beſt Imagination.

There are none permitted to reſort to this Heavenly Muſick-Room, but the Children of *Apollo* (Poets, and Muſicall Compoſers) the one creates the ſong, and gives it life, or number the other lends it voice, & makes it ſpeak Muſick.

When

When theſe hapy ſpirits ſit aſunder, their bodies are like ſo many Stars; and when they joyn together in ſeveral Societies, they then ſhew like ſo many Heavenly Conſtellations. All the whole walk is full of pleaſant Bowers and curious Arbours; and the diſcourſe that one Brother entertained another with, was not in dull Proſe; but like *Evanders* Mother they ſpeak all in Verſe, no Antick, eloquence is ſo ſweet; nay their Language is ſo pleaſing to the Gods, that they utter their Oracles in none other.

This place is not over-filled with Poets either Antient or Modern (for Poets are rare Production) though there in habit a great many, of moſt Nations, men of incomparable parts, whoſe Poetical flights have ſoared out of the ſight of ſuch, who fancied the Eye of their underſtanding was as caute as the greateſt pretender thereunto. I ſhall forbear to name the men of worth I ſaw there, if for no other reaſon that I am unwilling

thereby to provoke the malice and envy of ſome, who undeſervedly may (pretendedly) find faults in their Poems and ſeverely cenſure their Perſons, for no other reaſon than that they might impoſe upon the world, a belief that the (*frothy non-ſubſtantiall Moderlins*) deſerve as good a place there, as any of thoſe *Wity Worthies* of their times.

Looking about me, I ſaw a jolly company of Souls grown up to full perfection, who had got under ſhades of a large Vine laughing to ſee *M. S.* (one whom I remembered I had not only ſeen, but had drank with him and *A. B.* an hundred times an Health to the confuſion of *Sorrow*;) I ſay they laught heartily to ſee their Brother (who was but newly come to their Colledge) with the ſharp and Satyricall Spirit, that ſtill haunted and followed him from Earth hither; for he inveyed bitterly (as he had wont to do) againſt dry-fiſted Patrons, accuſing them of his untimely death, becauſe if they had given his Muſe that cheriſh-

ment,

ment, which she most worthily deserved, he had fed to his dying day on *Capons*, and on what his Pallate most coveted or desired, and not on *Ship-Bisket*, or the *Sheriffs-Basket*; *not be forced to walk in the fields with an empty Stomach)when others resort thither to get one*) there to contemplate the miseries of a poor Poetick life, or study some well laid plot to *Hocus* his Landlady into a further credence or belief; or to find out one, amongst the great number of his acquaintance (of whom he has not yet borrowed Money of) whom he may perswade to lend him some small matter to supply his present wants, in this his great extremity.

Setting aside (the others laughing,) one came indifferently serious, and askt him what news in the other world; before he could return an answer to the question, he was surrounded and hem'd in on all sides, seeing so great a conflux on a suddain, I got as near as I could to the crowd, and could hear him say

somewhat to this purpose, *Brethren, the reason why I made more than ordinary haste hither to secure my self a Room, for fear I should be disappointed should I have staid longer on Earth: for there the Age is grown so Universally Witty, that if all the Professors of Poesy and Dramatick Hero's must have a place here, I know not how it will contain them; nay the very Women are grown so ingenious, that they presume to prescribe Laws to the Stage.*

Every one is a Wit, or would be so esteemed; and their whole endeavour is to raise their own reputation out of anothers; thus it comes about that he that was cryed up yesterday for writing a new Play, either by some of his Friends or Hirelings, was three days after as much decryed by such who had no other way to shuffle in a Play, or no Play, imposing on the Credulity of the Actors.

Sense, though insignificant words, fitly cloathed, will not pass current, *mysticall Non-sense* guilt over, instead

of

of *Gold* with *Lacker*, this is that pretious *Nothing* ſo much in *Faſhion.*

There is great ſtruggling for the *Bays*, and thoſe that ſee it is impoſſible for them to ingroſs it wholy to themſelves, will notwithſtanding make a long arm, but they will reach a leaf thereof. *As at an Hurling in* Cornwel, *there is commonly ſome miſchief done*: ſo ſome of theſe Witty Combatants or Contenders for this Prize, have received conſiderable dammages irrecoverable: which made one of the moſt ingenious of the moſt known Wits write thus.

Amongſt the men, I mean the Men of Wit,
At leaſt they paſt for ſuch, before they Writ;
How many ſad adventures for the Bays,
Proudly deſigning large returns of Praiſe,
Who durſt the ſtormy patchleſs World implore,
Were ſoon daſht back & wrackt on the dul ſhore
Broke of the little ſtock they had before, &c.

To be ſhort, (ſaid he) I did there find (notwitſtanding their fine and fair pretences)

pretences) that Barbariſm was grown to be an Epidemicall Diſeaſe, and more common then the *Gout* (alias Pox) or *Tooth-Ach.*

Being demanded how Poets and Players agree one amongſt the other, he replied, as *Phyſitians and Patients do agree*; for the Patient loves the Doctor no longer then till by his means he hath recovered his health; and the *Player* loves the Poet ſo long as the Sickneſs lies in the *Pit*, when none will come into it, hoping by ſome lucky hit of this man of Wit, that the Houſe will be ſo cram'd, that they muſt be forced to raiſe the Rates double of the two Galleries, and thereby barracado out the Vulgar. None but the Favourites of the Houſe (ſaid he) can be admitted to have a Play Acted; and into ſo low a miſery, if not contempt, is the ſacred Art of Poeſy fallen, that though the Author (who is worthy to ſit at the Table of the Sun) work his brains to gain applauſe from the more Ingeni-

ous

ous, yet when he has done his beſt, he works but like *Occus*, that makes Ropes in Hell; for as he twiſts, an *Aſs* ſtands by, and bites them in ſunder, and that *Aſs* is no other then the *miſunderſtanding Audice*, or that which is preposſeſt with Prejudice.

And now (ſaid he) having done with the Poets and Players, I ſhall (as briefly as I can) give you an account of what Remarks, and Obſervations I made (before I took my leave of the Terreſtiall Globe) *on the preſent Vices, Vanities, and faſhionable Fopperies of the Town*; the Infection whereof hath ſpread it ſelf Univerſally.

And firſt, by way of Paradox, give me leave to prove by good circumſtances, that the honeſty of the Age (wherein I lived) exceeded the Former and that the World was never honeſt till then, aud ſo proceed to my Obſervations.

We read of a *Golden Age* in former times, but that was the meer Fictions of

of *Poets*; now ſome are of the opinion, that the Golden Age was never till now; ſince Gold and coſtly Preſents compaſs all things: in oppoſition to theſe, ſome would have it the Iron Age, ſince fire and Sword of late has ſwallowed up ſuch vaſt (and one would think) inexhauſtible Treaſures. Now all that I can ſay for the honeſty of this Age I ſpoke on, that the worſt of impieties are now adays honeſt mens Profeſſions: *let their Practices be ever ſo bad, yet they would be accounted honeſt men.*

There is a place called *Alſatia* where in lies Quarter'd a Regiment of dangerous Fellows, who ſhall Mortgage their Ears to any *Knave* for a little Money, nay their Souls too, rather then he ſhould loſe an Eſtate in which he hath neither Right nor Intereſt; and yet theſe Fellows do impudently claim the appellatio of honeſt men, although there are not —— greater under Heaven.

Now

Now are not the Employers every whit as bad as the foreſworn Hirelings, nay worſe by a great deal, and yet theſe muſt be called honeſt men, for no other reaſon, but becauſe they look big in the worlds Eye, and abounding with Money (according to which all things are valu'd, and is the equivolent price of all things) they imagine nothing to be above their reach, but being juſt and honeſt.

The world is but a great Market in which every thing is ſold; *as large conſciences, fair Miſſes with foul Bodies, Wit, Vanity, Knavery, Mens lives, and their Reputations, and the welfare of their Families thrown in to boot.*

The opulent are the Men who fix their thoughts wholly upon increaſing their Eſtates, no matter by what means, and that which animates them, mu chis the conſideration of this indiſputable point, *That the Rich man is never out of eſteem, and repute*, though he is generally known to be an egregious Knave, but

but moſt ſtand ſo much in fear of his power, that they dare not call him ſo to his face; and he knows withall, that he cannot looſe his intereſt in a good name, but by the loſs of his Fortune. Who then would be in love with indigent Virtue? She may be admired by ſome, and followed by few, and here lies her unhapineſs, that without wealth ſhe ſeldom procures, and rarely maintains her eſteem in the World. Hence it is, that Rich men conclude they may bear themſelves (juſtly) high, even to the expreſſion of others, being already owners of what all men covet, all admire, and without which, even they who villifie it, cannot ſubſiſt, or effect any great exploit.

And now I pray, how contemptible is Power if not regulated by Wiſdom, for it diſpoſes the Poſſeſſors thereof to greater follies, and extravagancies then others; and if they be but for a while left to their own wills, without any check or guidance, Vices take deeper

root

root in them, *like Weeds in good ground,* and afterwards grow too prevalent to be extirpated.

What is it that man would not undergo, rather than ſubject himſelf to the Barbarous Pride and Capriciouſneſs of ſome Perſons, who are of ſo odious and inſupportable a nature, that it is not to be wondered, if even men of deſpicable fortune, and rank, chuſe rather to ſuffer their preſent want and penury, then ſubject, and be concerned with them.

And now Brethren (ſaid he) for their better information I writ a *Satyr,* to let them know, that they are Obnoxious to Laws, and that neither Revenues, nor Dignities exempt them from the Rules of Civility, and therefore ought not to ſet at nought ſuch as they ſurpaſs in Eſtate, and to think, becauſe they are not wealthy, therefore they are not men, and becauſe ſome of the meaner ſort are ſervants, therefore they muſt be conſequently their *Slaves.* Theſe

I adviſed (if they purpoſed not to reſign themſelves wholly up to Pride, and Arrogance, and if they will not diveſt themſelves of all Humanity, and relinquiſh that Nature and Reaſon, which diſtinguiſh as much Man from Man, as from other Beaſts; if they intend not to degenerate into bruitiſhneſs) to nouriſh Friendly Inclinations, and make an amicable temper of Spirit as much their nature as it is poſſible. In former Ages, he that was rich in Knowledge, *and not as in theſe days in Lands and Houſes*, was accounted a Wiſe man; but alas now there is no man wiſe, but he that hath Wit enough to gather wealth. The honeſt and ingenious, if they chance to miſcarry, and forced by neceſſity to deſert their habitations, they are ſlighted, and derided by Rich men; and if pittied by any, it is no otherwiſe then by ſaying, *Alas, poor Man, he was no bodies Fo, but his own, which is an Engliſh Phraſe for a Fool.*

Was

Was not that a ſtrange Age I lived in, where Vice, went by the name of Virtue; Drunkneſs was called good Fellowſhip; Murder reputed Manhood, and the Actor, a Man of undaunted Courage, Petulancy and wanton Dalliance was termed Gallantry, and Gentile Courtſhip; Impudence paſſed for Audacity; Pride for Generoſity; Avarice, for good Husbandry, Hypocricie, Nick-named, Sincerity; Adulation and Flattery bore the name of Complacency; and that which our Predeceſſors, called down-right Knavery goes by the names of Wit and Policy.

In former Ages there were many inperfections attributed to Women, that are now accounted no defects at all, nor ſcandalls to a good name, viz. *the bitterneſs of the Tongue, the Pride of the Heart, the Shameleſneſs of the Face, immodeſt actions, impudent looks, lightneſs of Behaviour, looſeneſs of life, nor ſome other remarkable Marks, or*

Symptoms of a debauched vicious Woman, which are lookt on as nothing, neither are theſe Imputations any blemiſh to Female reputation.

A womans honeſty is pen'd up in a very little room, it is confined only from her Apron-ſtrings down-ward; yet there is no imperfection in a woman but want of Chaſtity; and who is able to prove that; or who dares do it, if he could, if her Gallant be a *Iurioſo*, *Deſperado*, *&c.* and being zealous in the vindication of the wither'd Honour of his unfaithfull fickle Miſtreſs, *nothing ſhall ſerve turne to waſh off the inſufferable ſtain of being called Whore, but the hearts-blood of him, that ſpoke that fatall Monoſyllable.*

Whither will you tend your ſteps? Which way will you turn your Eyes? Or to whom will you lend your liſtning Ears, but you ſhall meet Vice moſt ſplendid in the faſhion. Walk into the Streets, and there you ſhall meet with droves of Lack-lands, yet

by

by their Wits, or rather Shifts, who more faſhionably fine than they, that you would take each of them to be *Proteus*, the God of Shapes, or ſome ther like Cæleſtiall power, then poor contemptible men, mean creeping creatures, whoſe over-indulgent Parents breeding them up to nothing, and feeding them continually without any pains taking of theirs, *like a Bird in a Cage brought up there from the Neſt, and never taught to provide for its ſelf abroad, at length giving it its liberty it is only let out to ſtarve abroad in the wide world*; Thus theſe gawdy miſcreants being never brought up to any civil ocupation, for an honeſt livelihood, as ſoon as ever they part from the warm ſpreading wing of their kindly fooliſh Mothers, are ready to ſtarve, till the Devil taking notice of their wants and evil Inclinations, undertakes to be their Tutor, teaching them the Black Arts of *Burglary*, *Filching*, *Dicing*, *Drabbing*, *Padding*, &c. and when he has

read to, and perfectly taught them the knowledge of these destructive (if not damnable) Sciences, some of his best and most forward Proficients he sends to a Colledge called *Newgate*, and (to raise them to an higher Pitch) from thence to *Tiburn*, the *Tunces*, and the lesser expert in these *Hellish* Exercises, are sent to be corrected for their negligence and want of better understanding, some to the Pillory, some to the Carts-Arse, and others to People Forreign Plantations, and thus the Devil sooner or later expresseth his gratitude to his faithfull Servants, by rewarding them after this manner.

Now should any honest man be so inconsiderate as to tax any of those, with any of these Villainies (though they know themselves to be guilty of every one of them,) the accusation to the Accuser, hath proved little less than loss of life, occasioned by the offenders, if they have escaped their own forfeited lives: when at liberty a-

gain,

gain, to let the world know how guiltleſly they are accuſed, and to poſſeſs men with an undeſerved good opinion of them, what oſtentations did they make of their future hopes of their injoying (after ſuch a Relations deceaſe) a large and plentiful Eſtate, *though they never ſaw their Father, and knew not to whom their Mother was related*; and ever had ſuch little hopes that ſhould attend them, whilſt they lived in the world there, that they never had hopes of an Heaven thereafter.

In ſhort, Vanity was never ſo predominant, as when I lately left the Earth; Vice never ſo modiſhly Rampant, and is grown ſo impudent, as to walk up and down bare-faced at noonday, and too frequently in publick, ſhows her very nakedneſs.

The world is become feeble, her ſpirits are ſpent, and her former vigour is vaniſht, ſhe is now twice a child, and begins to doat afreſh, on what ſhe ſometimes ſcorn'd.

In

In former days men lent their whole endeavours to win honourable reputation by Virtue and Gallantry of Actions; but now they are for wealth (no matter how gotten) *Popular Applause, Ostentation, Luxury*, and what not?

The old fashion was *to do well*; but now it is enough *to speak well, to Drink, Eat well, Swear well, Huff well, Vill well, Damn well, Whore well, Game well, Lie well, Cheat well, Run in debt well, and never pay well, Sing and Dance well, with a great many other* Wells *which are the shamefull* Ills *that now attend the Iron Age.*

In former times men were accustomed to perform, but now enough to promise, and are as good as their words *but in a different nature*, for the Payment which they make is not to their Creditors, but thus; first for an *Habeas Corpus to the Kings Bench or Fleet*; or *duce to Ludgate*, the other disbursements are *for Lodging, Prison Fees, plenty of Wine, good Cheer, frequent Rubbers at Bowls*

Bowls for Guinies; and all this and much more at the charge of their poor sinking Creditors.

The Monuments of goodness are so weather-beaten, that Iniquity hath left almost no Character thereof undefaced. And now adays, that man is lookt upon by some as the most refined piece of humane nature, who is both Witty, and wicked; and where the Wit is bribed by friendship or affection, the weapons of Reason are many times wrested, and sometimes managed against Reason it self: He would have poceeded much further I imagin'd, (for he was a man of a nimble ready Invention, voluble Tongue, and long winded,) but that he was interrupted by the lowd laughter of the jolly (and ingenious) crew who were then his Auditors, wondring to here their Brother Poet turned Parson; the noise whereof (which I imagined) did suddenly awake me.

FINIS.

BRITISH
3 AU 71
MUSEUM